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## Harvard College Library



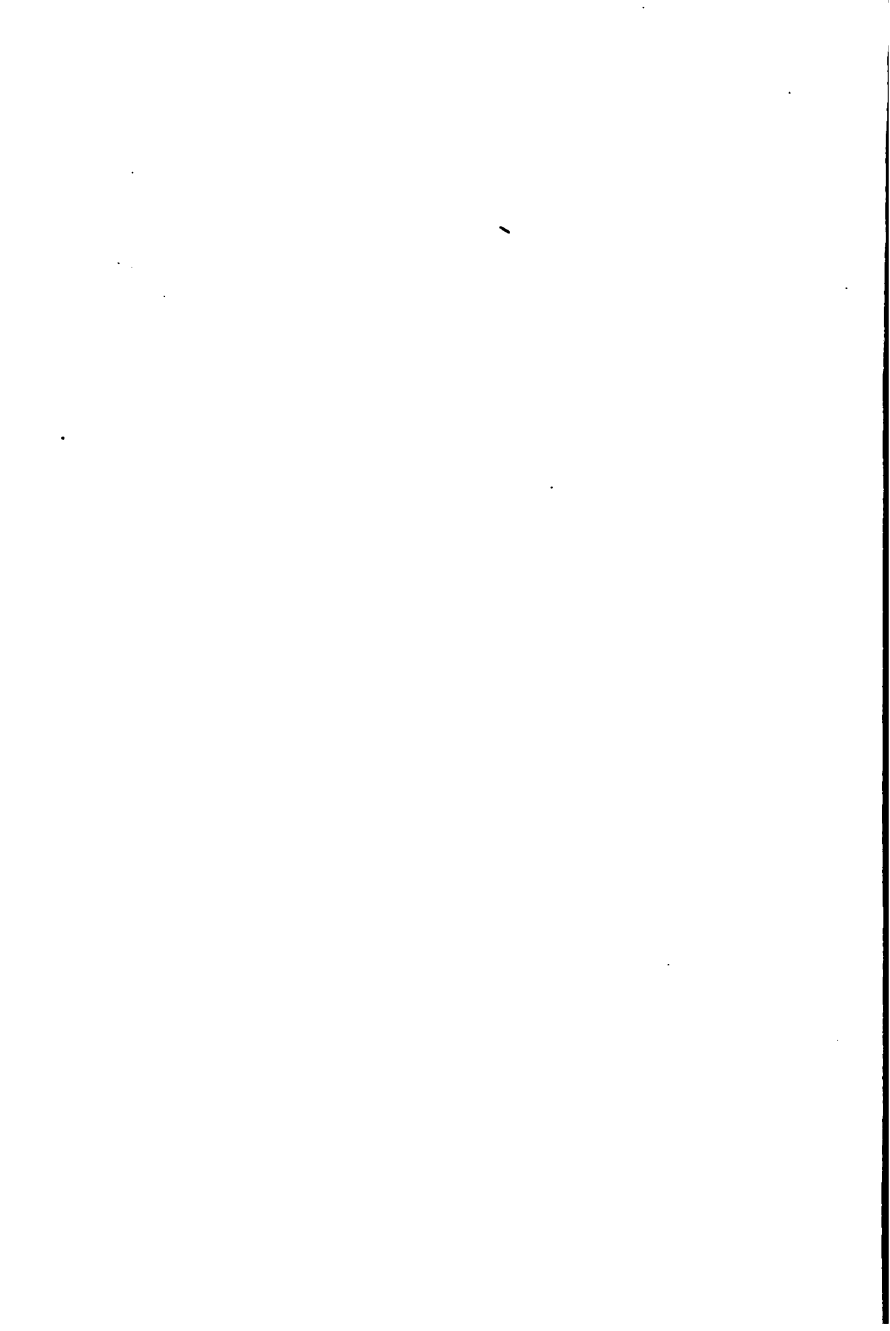
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One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

**JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT**  
of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

**HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,**  
who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.





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THE

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS.

TWENTY-SIXTH SERIES

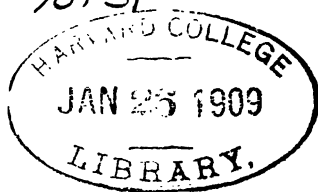
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS were prepared primarily for circulation among the attendants upon the Old South Lectures for Young People. The subjects of the Leaflets are immediately related to the subjects of the lectures, and they are intended to supplement the lectures and stimulate historical interest and inquiry among the young people. They are made up, for the most part, from original papers of the periods treated in the lectures, in the hope to make the men and the public life of the periods more clear and real.

The Old South Lectures for Young People were instituted in the summer of 1883, as a means of promoting a more serious and intelligent attention to historical studies, especially studies in American history among the young people of Boston. The success of the lectures has been so great as to warrant the hope that such courses may be sustained in many other cities of the country.

The Old South Lectures for 1883, intended to be strictly upon subjects in early Massachusetts History, but by certain necessities somewhat modified, were as follows: "Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Plymouth," by MRS. A. M. DIAZ. "Concord," by FRANK B. SANBORN. "The Town-meeting," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Franklin, the Boston Boy," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "How to study American History," by PROF. G. STANLEY HALL. "The Year 1777," by JOHN FISKE. "History in the Boston Streets," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets prepared in connection with these lectures consisted of (1) Cotton Mather's account of Governor Bradford, from the "Magnalia"; (2) the account of the arrival of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod from Bradford's Journal; (3) an extract from Emerson's Concord Address in 1835; (4) extracts from Emerson, Samuel Adams, De Tocqueville, and others, upon the Town-meeting; (5) a portion of Franklin's Autobiography; (6) Carlyle on the Study of History; (7) an extract from Charles Sumner's oration upon Lafayette, etc.; (8) Emerson's poem, "Boston."

The lectures for 1884 were devoted to men representative of certain epochs or ideas in the history of Boston, as follows: "Sir Harry Vane, in New England and in Old England," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR. "John Harvard, and the Founding of Harvard College," by EDWARD CHANNING, PH.D. "The Mather Family, and the Old Boston Ministers," by REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS. "Simon Bradstreet, and the Struggle for the Charter," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "Samuel Adams and the Beginning of the Revolution," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Josiah Quincy, the Great Mayor," by CHARLES W. SLACK. "Daniel Webster, the Defender of the Constitution," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "John A. Andrew, the great War Governor," by COL. T. W. HIGGINSON. The Leaflets prepared in connection with the second course were as follows: (1) Selections from Forster's essay on Vane, etc.; (2) an extract from Cotton Mather's "Sal Gentium"; (3) Increase Mather's "Narrative of the Miseries of New England"; (4) an original account of "The Revolution in New England" in 1689; (5) a letter from Samuel Adams to John

Adams, on Republican Government; (6) extracts from Josiah Quincy's Boston Address of 1830; (7) Words of Webster; (8) a portion of Governor Andrew's Address to the Massachusetts Legislature in January, 1861.

The lectures for 1885 were upon "The War for the Union," as follows. "Slavery," by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR. "The Fall of Sumter," by COL. T. W. HIGGINSON. "The Monitor and the Merrimac," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "The Battle of Gettysburg," by COL. THEODORE A. DODGE. "Sherman's March to the Sea," by GEN. WILLIAM COGSWELL. "The Sanitary Commission," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Abraham Lincoln," by HON. JOHN D. LONG. "General Grant," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. The Leaflets accompanying these lectures were as follows: (1) Lowell's "Present Crisis," and Garrison's Salutatory in the *Liberator* of January 1, 1831; (2) extract from Henry Ward Beecher's oration at Fort Sumter in 1865; (3) contemporary newspaper accounts of the engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac; (4) extract from Edward Everett's address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, with President Lincoln's address; (5) extract from General Sherman's account of the March to the Sea, in his Memoirs; (6) Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"; (7) extract from Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Second Inaugural Address; (8) account of the service in memory of General Grant, in Westminster Abbey, with Archdeacon Farrar's address.

The lectures for 1886 were upon "The War for Independence," as follows: "Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Bunker Hill, and the News in England," by JOHN FISKE. "The Declaration of Independence," by JAMES MACALLISTER. "The Times that tried Men's Souls," by ALBERT B. HART, PH.D. "Lafayette, and Help from France," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "The Women of the Revolution," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Washington and his Generals," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "The Lessons of the Revolution for these Times," by REV. BROOKE HERFORD. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Words of Patrick Henry; (2) Lord Chatham's Speech, urging the removal of the British troops from Boston; (3) extract from Webster's oration on Adams and Jefferson; (4) Thomas Paine's "Crisis," No. 1; (5) extract from Edward Everett's eulogy on Lafayette; (6) selections from the Letters of Abigail Adams; (7) Lowell's "Under the Old Elm"; (8) extract from Whipple's essay on "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution."

The course for the summer of 1887 was upon "The Birth of the Nation," as follows: "How the men of the English Commonwealth planned Constitutions," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "How the American Colonies grew together," by JOHN FISKE. "The Confusion after the Revolution," by DAVIS R. DEWEY, PH.D. "The Convention and the Constitution," by HON. JOHN D. LONG. "James Madison and his Journal," by PROF. E. B. ANDREWS. "How Patrick Henry opposed the Constitution," by HENRY L. SOUTHWICK. "Alexander Hamilton and the *Federalist*," "Washington's Part and the Nation's First Years," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets prepared for these lectures were as follows: (1) Extract from Edward Everett Hale's lecture on "Puritan Politics in England and New England"; (2) "The English Colonies in America," extract from De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"; (3) Washington's Circular Letter to the Governors of the States on Disbanding the Army; (4) the Constitution of the United States; (5) "The Last Day of the Constitutional Convention," from Madison's Journal; (6) Patrick

Henry's First Speech against the Constitution, in the Virginia Convention; 7, the *Federalist*, No. IX.; (8) Washington's First Inaugural Address.

The course for the summer of 1888 had the general title of "The Story of the Centuries," the several lectures being as follows: "The Great Schools after the Dark Ages," by EPHRAIM EMERTON, Professor of History in Harvard University. "Richard the Lion-hearted and the Crusades," by MISS NINA MOORE, author of "Pilgrims and Puritans." "The World which Dante knew," by SHATTUCK O. HARTWELL, Old South first prize essayist, 1883. "The Morning Star of the Reformation," by REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM. "Copernicus and Columbus, or the New Heaven and the New Earth," by PROF. EDWARD S. MORSE. "The People for whom Shakespeare wrote," by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. "The Puritans and the English Revolution," by CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, Professor of History in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "Lafayette and the Two Revolutions which he saw," by GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

The Old South Lectures are devoted primarily to American history. But it is a constant aim to impress upon the young people the relations of our own history to English and general European history. It was hoped that the glance at some striking chapters in the history of the last eight centuries afforded by these lectures would be a good preparation for the great anniversaries of 1889, and give the young people a truer feeling of the continuity of history. In connection with the lectures the young people were requested to fix in mind the following dates, observing that in most instances the date comes about a decade before the close of the century. An effort was made in the Leaflets for the year to make dates, which are so often dull and useless to young people, interesting, significant, and useful.—11th Century: Lanfranc, the great mediæval scholar, who studied law at Bologna, was prior of the monastery of Bec, the most famous school in France in the 11th century, and archbishop of Canterbury under William the Conqueror, died 1089. 12th Cent.: Richard I. crowned 1189. 13th Cent.: Dante, at the battle of Campaldino, the final overthrow of the Ghibellines in Italy, 1289. 14th Cent.: Wyclif died, 1384. 15th Cent.: America discovered, 1492. 16th Cent.: Spanish Armada, 1588. 17th Cent.: William of Orange lands in England, 1688. 18th Cent.: Washington inaugurated, and the Bastille fell, 1789. The Old South Leaflets for 1888, corresponding with the several lectures, were as follows: (1) "The Early History of Oxford," from Green's "History of the English People,"; (2) "Richard Cœur de Lion and the Third Crusade," from the Chronicle of Geoffrey de Vinsaut; (3) "The Universal Empire," passages from Dante's *De Monarchia*; (4) "The Sermon on the Mount," Wyclif's translation; (5) "Copernicus and the Ancient Astronomers," from Humboldt's "Cosmos"; (6) "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada," from Camden's "Annals"; (7) "The Bill of Rights," 1689; (8) "The Eve of the French Revolution," from Carlyle. The selections are accompanied by very full historical and bibliographical notes, and it is hoped that the series will prove of much service to students and teachers engaged in the general survey of modern history.

The year 1889 being the centennial both of the beginning of our own Federal government and of the French Revolution, the lectures for the year, under the general title of "America and France," were devoted entirely to subjects in which the history of America is related to that of France as follows: "Champlain, the Founder of Quebec," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "La Salle and the French in the Great West," by REV.

W. E. GRIFFIS. "The Jesuit Missionaries in America," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Wolfe and Montcalm: The Struggle of England and France for the Continent," by JOHN FISKE. "Franklin in France," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "The Friendship of Washington and Lafayette," by MRS. ABBA GOULD WOOLSON. "Thomas Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase," by ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, Old South prize essayist, 1888. "The Year 1789," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets for the year were as follows: (1) Verrazzano's account of his Voyage to America; (2) Marquette's account of his Discovery of the Mississippi; (3) Mr. Parkman's Histories; (4) the Capture of Quebec, from Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac"; (5) selections from Franklin's Letters from France; (6) Letters of Washington and Lafayette; (7) the Declaration of Independence; (8) the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, 1789.

The lectures for the summer of 1890 were on "The American Indians," as follows: "The Mound Builders," by PROF. GEORGE H. PERKINS. "The Indians whom our Fathers Found," by GEN. H. B. CARRINGTON. "John Eliot and his Indian Bible," by REV. EDWARD G. PORTER. "King Philip's War," by MISS CAROLINE C. STECKER, Old South prize essayist, 1889. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," by CHARLES A. EASTMAN, M.D., of the Sioux nation. "A Century of Dishonor," by HERBERT WELSH. "Among the Zulus," by J. WALTER FEWKES, PH.D. "The Indian at School," by GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) extract from address by William Henry Harrison on the Mound Builders of the Ohio Valley; (2) extract from Morton's "New English Canaan" on the Manners and Customs of the Indians; (3) John Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel among the Indians of New England," 1670; (4) extract from Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians" (1677) on the Beginning of King Philip's War; (5) the Speech of Pontiac at the Council at the River Ecories, from Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac"; (6) extract from Black Hawk's autobiography, on the cause of the Black Hawk War; (7) Coronado's Letter to Mendoza (1540) on his Explorations in New Mexico; (8) Eleazar Wheelock's Narrative (1762) of the Rise and Progress of the Indian School at Lebanon, Conn.

The lectures for 1891, under the general title of "The New Birth of the World," were devoted to the important movements in the age preceding the discovery of America, the several lectures being as follows: "The Results of the Crusades," by F. E. E. HAMILTON, Old South prize essayist, 1883. "The Revival of Learning," by PROF. ALBERT B. HART. "The Builders of the Cathedrals," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "The Changes which Gunpowder made," by FRANK A. HILL. "The Decline of the Barons," by WILLIAM EVERETT. "The Invention of Printing," by REV. EDWARD G. PORTER. "When Michel Angelo was a Boy," by HAMLIN GARLAND. "The Discovery of America," by REV. E. E. HALE. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) "The Capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders," from the Chronicle of William of Malmesbury; (2) extract from More's "Utopia"; (3) "The Founding of Westminster Abbey," from Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey"; (4) "The Siege of Constantinople," from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; (5) "Simon de Montfort," selections from Chronicles of the time; (6) "Caxton at Westminster," extract from Blade's Life of William Caxton; (7) "The Youth of Michel Angelo," from Vasari's "Lives of the Italian Painters"; (8) "The Discovery of America," from Ferdinand Columbus's life of his father.

The lectures for 1892 were upon "The Discovery of America," as follows: "What Men knew of the World before Columbus," by PROF. EDWARD S. MORSE. "Leif Erikson and the Northmen," by REV. EDWARD A. HORTON. "Marco Polo and his Book," by MR. O. W. DIMMICK. "The Story of Columbus," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Americus Vesputius and the Early Books about America," by REV. E. G. PORTER. "Cortes and Pizarro," by PROF. CHAS. H. LEVERMORE. "De Soto and Ponce de Leon," by MISS RUTH BALLOU WHITTEMORE, Old South prize essayist, 1891. "Spain, France, and England in America," by MR. JOHN FISKE. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Strabo's Introduction to Geography; (2) The Voyages to Vinland, from the Saga of Eric the Red; (3) Marco Polo's account of Japan and Java; (4) Columbus's Letter to Gabriel Sanchez, describing his First Voyage; (5) Amerigo Vespucci's account of his First Voyage; (6) Cortes's account of the City of Mexico; (7) the Death of De Soto, from the "Narrative of a Gentleman of Elvas"; (8) Early Notices of the Voyages of the Cabots.

The lectures for 1893 were upon "The Opening of the Great West," as follows: "Spain and France in the Great West," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. "The North-west Territory and the Ordinance of 1787," by JOHN M. MERRIAM. "Washington's Work in Opening the West," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Marietta and the Western Reserve," by MISS LUCY W. WARREN, Old South prize essayist, 1892. "How the Great West was settled," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "Lewis and Clarke and the Explorers of the Rocky Mountains," by REV. THOMAS VAN NESS. "California and Oregon," by PROF. JOSIAH ROYCE. "The Story of Chicago," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) De Vaca's account of his Journey to New Mexico, 1535; (2) Manasseh Cutler's Description of Ohio, 1787; (3) Washington's Journal of his Tour to the Ohio, 1770; (4) Garfield's Address on the North-west Territory and the Western Reserve; (5) George Rogers Clark's account of the Capture of Vincennes, 1779; (6) Jefferson's Life of Captain Meriwether Lewis; (7) Fremont's account of his Ascent of Fremont's Peak; (8) Father Marquette at Chicago, 1673.

The lectures for 1894 were upon "The Founders of New England," as follows: "William Brewster, the Elder of Plymouth," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. "William Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. "John Winthrop, the Governor of Massachusetts," by HON. FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE. "John Harvard, and the Founding of Harvard College," by MR. WILLIAM R. THAYER. "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians," by REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE. "John Cotton, the Minister of Boston," by REV. JOHN COTTON BROOKS. "Roger Williams, the Founder of Rhode Island," by PRESIDENT E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS. "Thomas Hooker, the Founder of Connecticut," by REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Bradford's Memoir of Elder Brewster; (2) Bradford's First Dialogue; (3) Winthrop's Conclusions for the Plantation in New England; (4) New England's First Fruits, 1643; (5) John Eliot's Indian Grammar Begun; (6) John Cotton's "God's Promise to his Plantation"; (7) Letters of Roger Williams to Winthrop; (8) Thomas Hooker's "Way of the Churches of New England."

The lectures for 1895 were upon "The Puritans in Old England," as follows: "John Hooper, the First Puritan," by EDWIN D. MEAD; "Cambridge, the Puritan University," by WILLIAM EVERETT; "Sir John Eliot

and the House of Commons," by PROF. ALBERT B. HART; "John Hampden and the Ship Money," by REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS; "John Pym and the Grand Remonstrance," by REV. JOHN CUCKSON; "Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE; "John Milton, the Puritan Poet," by JOHN FISKE; "Henry Vane in Old England and New England," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) The English Bible, selections from the various versions; (2) Hooper's Letters to Bullinger; (3) Sir John Eliot's "Apology for Socrates"; (4) Ship-money Papers; (5) Pym's Speech against Strafford; (6) Cromwell's Second Speech; (7) Milton's "Free Commonwealth"; (8) Sir Henry Vane's Defence.

The lectures for 1896 were upon "The American Historians," as follows: "Bradford and Winthrop and their Journals," by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "Cotton Mather and his 'Magnalia,'" by PROF. BARRETT WENDELL; "Governor Hutchinson and his History of Massachusetts," by PROF. CHARLES H. LEVERMORE; "Washington Irving and his Services for American History," by MR. RICHARD BURTON; "Bancroft and his History of the United States," by PRES. AUSTIN SCOTT; "Prescott and his Spanish Histories," by HON. ROGER WOLCOTT; "Motley and his History of the Dutch Republic," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS; "Parkman and his Works on France in America," by MR. JOHN FISKE. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Winthrop's "Little Speech" on Liberty; (2) Cotton Mather's "Bostonian Ebenezer," from the "Magnalia"; (3) Governor Hutchinson's account of the Boston Tea Party; (4) Adrian Van der Donck's Description of the New Netherlands in 1655; (5) The Debate in the Constitutional Convention on the Rules of Suffrage in Congress; (6) Columbus's Memorial to Ferdinand and Isabella, on his Second Voyage; (7) The Dutch Declaration of Independence in 1581; (8) Captain John Knox's account of the Battle of Quebec. The last five of these eight Leaflets illustrate the original material in which Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman worked in the preparation of their histories.

The lectures for 1897 were upon "The Anti-slavery Struggle," as follows: "William Lloyd Garrison, or Anti-slavery in the Newspaper," by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR.; "Wendell Phillips, or Anti-slavery on the Platform," by WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD; "Theodore Parker, or Anti-slavery in the Pulpit," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE; "John G. Whittier, or Anti-slavery in the Poem," by MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER; "Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Anti-slavery in the Story," by MISS MARIA L. BALDWIN; "Charles Sumner, or Anti-slavery in the Senate," by MOORFIELD STOREY; "John Brown, or Anti-slavery on the Scaffold," by FRANK B. SANBORN; "Abraham Lincoln, or Anti-slavery Triumphant," by HON. JOHN D. LONG. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) The First Number of *The Liberator*; (2) Wendell Phillips's Eulogy of Garrison; (3) Theodore Parker's Address on the Dangers from Slavery; (4) Whittier's account of the Anti-slavery Convention of 1833; (5) Mrs. Stowe's Story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; (6) Sumner's Speech on the Crime against Kansas; (7) Words of John Brown; (8) The First Lincoln and Douglas Debate.

The lectures for 1898 were upon "The Old World in the New," as follows: "What Spain has done for America," by REV. EDWARD G. PORTER; "What Italy has done for America," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS; "What France has done for America," by PROF. JEAN CHARLE

MAGNE BRACQ; "What England has done for America," by MISS KATHARINE COMAN; "What Ireland has done for America," by PROF. F. SPENCER BALDWIN; "What Holland has done for America," by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "What Germany has done for America," by MISS ANNA B. THOMPSON; "What Scandinavia has done for America," by MR. JOSEPH P. WARREN. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Account of the Founding of St. Augustine, by Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales; (2) Amerigo Vespucci's Account of his Third Voyage; (3) Champlain's Account of the Founding of Quebec; (4) Barlowe's Account of the First Voyage to Roanoke; (5) Parker's Account of the Settlement of Londonderry, N.H.; (6) Juet's Account of the Discovery of the Hudson River; (7) Pastorius's Description of Pennsylvania, 1700; (8) Acrelius's Account of the Founding of New Sweden.

The lectures for 1899 were upon "The Life and Influence of Washington," as follows: "Washington in the Revolution," by MR. JOHN FISKE; "Washington and the Constitution," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE; "Washington as President of the United States," by REV. ALBERT E. WINSHIP; "Washington the True Expander of the Republic," by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "Washington's Interest in Education," by HON. ALFRED S. ROE; "The Men who worked with Washington," by MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER; "Washington's Farewell Address," by REV. FRANKLIN HAMILTON; "What the World has thought and said of Washington," by PROF. EDWIN A. GROSVENOR. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Washington's Account of the Army at Cambridge in 1775; (2) Washington's Letters on the Constitution; (3) Washington's Inaugurals; (4) Washington's Letter to Benjamin Harrison in 1784; (5) Washington's Words on a National University; (6) Letters of Washington and Lafayette; (7) Washington's Farewell Address; (8) Henry Lee's Funeral Oration on Washington.

The lectures for 1900 were upon "The United States in the Nineteenth Century," as follows: "Thomas Jefferson, the First Nineteenth-century President," by EDWIN D. MEAD; "The Opening of the Great West," by REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON; "Webster and Calhoun, or the Nation and the States," by PROF. S. M. MACVANE; "Abraham Lincoln and the Struggle with Slavery," by REV. CHARLES G. AMES; "Steam and Electricity, from Fulton to Edison," by PROF. F. SPENCER BALDWIN; "The Progress of Education in the Nineteenth Century," by MR. FRANK A. HILL; "The American Poets," by MRS. MAY ALDEN WARD; "America and the World," by HON. JOHN L. BATES. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Jefferson's Inaugurals; (2) Account of Louisiana in 1803; (3) Calhoun on the Government of the United States; (4) Lincoln's Cooper Institute Address; (5) Chancellor Livingston on the Invention of the Steamboat; (6) Horace Mann's Address on the Ground of the Free School System; (7) Rufus Choate's Address on the Romance of New England History; (8) Kossuth's First Speech in Faneuil Hall.

The lectures for 1901 were upon "The English Exploration of America," as follows: "John Cabot and the First English Expedition to America," by PROF. CHARLES H. LEVERMORE; "Hawkins and Drake in the West Indies," by MR. JOSEPH P. WARREN; "Martin Frobisher and the Search for the North-west Passage," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW; "Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his Expedition to Newfoundland," by MR. RAY GREENE HULING; "Sir Walter Raleigh and the Story of Roanoke," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE; "Bartholomew Gosnold and the Story of



Cuttyhunk," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS; "Captain John Smith in Virginia and New England," by HON. ALFRED S. ROE; "Richard Hakluyt and his Books about the English Explorers," by MR. MILAN C. AYRES. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) John Cabot's Discovery of North America; (2) Sir Francis Drake on the Coast of California; (3) Frobisher's First Voyage; (4) Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Expedition to Newfoundland; (5) Raleigh's First Roanoke Colony; (6) Gosnold's Settlement at Cuttyhunk; (7) Captain John Smith's Description of New England; (8) Richard Hakluyt's Discourse on Western Planting.

The lectures for 1902 were upon "How the United States Grew," as follows: "The Old Thirteen Colonies," by HON. JOHN D. LONG; "George Rogers Clark and the North-west Territory," by PROF. ALBERT B. HART; "How Jefferson bought Louisiana from Napoleon," by REV. GEORGE HODGES; "The Story of Florida," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS; "The Lone Star State," by HON. JOHN L. BATES; "The Oregon Country," by REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT; "The Mexican War and What Came of It," by PROF. F. SPENCER BALDWIN; "Alaska in 1867 and 1902," by MR. GEORGE G. WOLKINS. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Brissot's Account of Boston in 1788; (2) The Ordinance of 1784; (3) The Cession of Louisiana; (4) Monroe's Messages on Florida; (5) Captain Potter's Account of the Fall of the Alamo; (6) Porter's Account of the Discovery of the Columbia River; (7) Sumner's Report on the War with Mexico; (8) Seward's Address on Alaska.

The lectures for 1903 were upon "The World which Emerson knew," as follows: "The Boston into which Emerson was born," by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "The Latin School and Harvard College a Century Ago," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE; "Emerson in Concord: The Citizen and the Neighbor," by REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD; "Emerson's Friends and Fellow-workers," by MR. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE; "Emerson in Europe, and the Men whom he met," by REV. JOHN CUCKSON; "The Lecturer, the Essayist, and the Poet," by MR. JOHN TETLOW; "The Anti-slavery Struggle and the Civil War," by REV. CHARLES G. AMES; "A Century from the Birth of Emerson," by LIEUT. GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, JR. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) William Emerson's Fourth of July Oration, 1802; (2) James G. Carter's Account of the Schools of Massachusetts in 1824; (3) President Dwight's Account of Boston at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century; (4) Selections from the First Number of *The Dial*; (5) Alexander Ireland's Recollections of Emerson; (6) The American Lyceum, 1829; (7) Samuel Hoar's Account of his Expulsion from Charleston in 1844; (8) Channing's Essay on National Literature, 1830.

The lectures for 1904 were upon "Heroes of Peace," as follows: "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians," by PROF. EDWARD C. MOORE; "Horace Mann and his Work for Better Schools," by MR. GEORGE H. MARTIN; "Mary Lyon and her College for Girls," by MISS MARY E. WOOLLEY; "Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith," by REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON; "Peter Cooper, the Generous Giver," by MR. EDWARD H. CHANDLER; "Dorothea Dix and her Errands of Mercy," by REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT; "General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute," by PRES. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON; "Colonel Waring and How he made New York clean," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) John Eliot's Day-breaking of the Gospel with the Indians; (2) Passage on Education and Prosperity, from Horace Mann's Twelfth

Report; (3) Mary Lyon's Pamphlet on Mount Holyoke Seminary, 1835; (4) Elihu Burritt's Addresses on A Congress of Nations; (5) Peter Cooper's Autobiography; (6) Dorothea Dix's Memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature, 1843; (7) General Armstrong's Account of the Founding of the Hampton Institute; (8) George E. Waring, Jr.'s, Account of Old Jersey.

The lectures for 1905 were upon "The Story of Massachusetts," as follows: "The Men who Came in the 'Mayflower,'" by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "John Winthrop in Old England and New England," by REV. WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS; "How the Settlements Spread from Boston to Berkshire," by MR. JOSEPH P. WARREN; "Samuel Adams and the Town Meetings before the Revolution," by MR. JAMES P. MUNROE; "The Building of the Railroads and the Cotton Mills," by MR. HENRY T. BAILEY; "The Anti-slavery Leaders and the Great War Governor," by PROF. HENRY G. PEARSON; "The Massachusetts Poets and the History which they Teach," by REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON; "The Story of the Schools and Colleges," by PROF. F. SPENCER BALDWIN. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) The Voyage of the "Mayflower," from Bradford's History; (2) The Planting of Colonies in New England, from John White's "The Planters' Plea"; (3) Captain Thomas Wheeler's Narrative of the Fight with the Indians at Brookfield, 1675; (4) The Lexington Town Meetings from 1765 to 1775; (5) *The Lowell Offering*, October, 1845; (6) Gov. Andrew's Address to the Massachusetts Legislature, May 14, 1861; (7) Selections from the Poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet; (8) Memorials of the First Graduates of Harvard College, by John Farmer.

The lectures for 1906 were upon "Early Days in the Old Colonies," as follows: "Sir Walter Raleigh and the Effort at Roanoke," by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "Captain John Smith and the Jamestown Settlement," by PROF. MARSHALL L. PERRIN; "New Amsterdam and the Old Dutch Towns on the Hudson," by MR. JAMES P. MUNROE; "The New England Colonies and their Federation," by REV. W. E. BARTON; "The Two Lord Baltimores and the Founding of Maryland," by REV. EVERETT D. BURR; "William Penn and the Quakers at Philadelphia," by REV. GEORGE HODGES; "The Story of the Carolinas and Georgia," by MR. ALBERT PERRY WALKER; "Franklin's Plan of Union in 1754, and the Continental Congress in 1774," by MR. JOHN C. S. ANDREW. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) "The Invention of Ships," by Sir Walter Raleigh; (2) Captain John Smith's Account of the Settlement of Jamestown; (3) De Vries's Account of New Netherland in 1640; (4) The New England Confederation, 1643; (5) Relation of Lord Baltimore's Plantation in Maryland, 1634; (6) William Penn's Description of Pennsylvania, 1683; (7) The Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina, 1669; (8) "The Rights of the Colonists," by Samuel Adams, 1772.

The lectures for 1907 were upon "Boston History in the Boston Poets," as follows: "St. Botolph's Town," and the old English Homes of the Founders of Boston, by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "Up the little school-house shot"—The Latin School and the College, by MR. HORACE H. MORSE; "Freedom of worship is dear to all"—The Period of Persecution, and how it ended, by REV. WOODMAN BRADBURY; "For tribute never a cent"—The Town Meetings and the Tea Party, by PROF. JAMES K. HOMER; "There the freedom of a race began"—How Garrison and his Friends worked for the Slave, by MR. WILLIAM H. LEWIS; "Stainless soldier on the walls"—Robert Gould Shaw and the Young Heroes of the Civil War,

by PROF. HENRY G. PEARSON; "The light a great man leaves behind"—Boston Boys who became Great Men, by REV. WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS; "Freedom shall stand in the Old South Church"—The Service of our Historic Buildings, by HON. WINSLOW WARREN. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) "The Founding of Boston," by Edward Johnson; (2) Cotton Mather's Tribute to Ezekiel Cheever; (3) Governor Hutchinson's Account of Anne Hutchinson; (4) John Adams's Tribute to James Otis, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock; (5) Garrison's First Anti-slavery Address in Boston, 1829; (6) Thomas Hughes's Tribute to the Young Heroes of the Civil War; (7) Josiah Quincy's Farewell Address as Mayor of Boston, 1829; (8) Wendell Phillips's Address on the Old South Meeting-house, 1876.

The lectures for 1908 were upon "Lives of Great Men," arranged with reference to the fact that 1908 was the third centennial of the birth of Milton and the following year the centennial of the other great men treated in the course, which was as follows: "John Milton, the Puritan Poet," by MR. EDWIN D. MEAD; "Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator," by GEN. O. O. HOWARD; "William E. Gladstone, the English Statesman," by HON. ROBERT LUCE; "Robert C. Winthrop, the Historical Scholar," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER; "Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Boston Poet," by REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS; "Alfred Tennyson, the English Poet," by PROF. E. CHARLTON BLACK; "Charles Darwin, the Man of Science," by REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS; "Felix Mendelssohn, the German Composer," by MR. LOUIS C. ELSON. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) Milton's Treatise on Education; (2) Lincoln's Message to Congress, July 4, 1861; (3) Gladstone's "Kin beyond Sea"; (4) Winthrop's Fourth of July Oration, 1876; (5) Dr. Holmes's Fourth of July Oration, 1863; (6) Gladstone's Essay on Tennyson; (7) Darwin's Account of his Education, from his Autobiography; (8) Robert C. Winthrop's Address on Music in New England.

The Old South Leaflets, which have been published during the years since 1883 in connection with these annual courses of historical lectures at the Old South Meeting-house, attracted so much attention and proved of so much service that the Directors very soon entered upon the publication of the Leaflets for general circulation, with the needs of schools, colleges, private clubs, and classes especially in mind. The Leaflets are prepared by Mr. Edwin D. Mead. They are largely reproductions of important original papers, accompanied by useful historical and bibliographical notes. They consist, on an average, of twenty pages, and are sold at the low price of **five cents** a copy, or **four dollars per hundred**. The aim is to bring them within easy reach of everybody. The Old South Work, founded by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, and still sustained by provision of her will, is a work for the education of the people, and especially the education of our young people, in American history and politics; and its promoters believe that few things can contribute better to this end than the wide circulation of such leaflets as those thus undertaken. It is hoped that professors in our colleges and teachers everywhere will welcome them for use in their classes, and that they may meet the needs of the societies of young men and women now happily being organized in so many places for historical and political studies. Some idea of the character of these Old South Leaflets may be gained from the following list of the subjects of the numbers which are now ready. It will be noticed that most of

the later numbers are the same as certain numbers in the annual series. Since 1890 they are essentially the same, and persons ordering the Leaflets need simply observe the following numbers.

No. 1. The Constitution of the United States. 2. The Articles of Confederation. 3. The Declaration of Independence. 4. Washington's Farewell Address. 5. Magna Charta. 6. Vane's "Healing Question." 7. Charter of Massachusetts Bay, 1629. 8. Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, 1638. 9. Franklin's Plan of Union, 1754. 10. Washington's Inaugurals. 11. Lincoln's Inaugurals and Emancipation Proclamation. 12. The Federalist, Nos. 1 and 2. 13. The Ordinance of 1787. 14. The Constitution of Ohio. 15. Washington's Circular Letter to the Governors of the States, 1783. 16. Washington's Letter to Benjamin Harrison, 1784. 17. Verrazzano's Voyage, 1524. 18. The Constitution of Switzerland. 19. The Bill of Rights, 1689. 20. Coronado's Letter to Mendoza, 1540. 21. Eliot's Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel among the Indians, 1670. 22. Wheelock's Narrative of the Rise of the Indian School at Lebanon, Conn., 1762. 23. The Petition of Rights, 1628. 24. The Grand Remonstrance. 25. The Scottish National Covenants. 26. The Agreement of the People. 27. The Instrument of Government. 28. Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament. 29. The Discovery of America, from the Life of Columbus, by his son, Ferdinand Columbus. 30. Strabo's Introduction to Geography. 31. The Voyages to Vinland, from the Saga of Eric the Red. 32. Marco Polo's Account of Japan and Java. 33. Columbus's Letter to Gabriel Sanchez, describing the First Voyage and Discovery. 34. Amerigo Vespucci's Account of his First Voyage. 35. Cortes's Account of the City of Mexico. 36. The Death of De Soto, from the "Narrative of a Gentleman of Elvas." 37. Early Notices of the Voyages of the Cabots. 38. Henry Lee's Funeral Oration on Washington. 39. De Vaca's Account of his Journey to New Mexico, 1535. 40. Manasseh Cutler's Description of Ohio, 1787. 41. Washington's Journal of his Tour to the Ohio, 1770. 42. Garfield's Address on the North-west Territory and the Western Reserve. 43. George Rogers Clark's Account of the Capture of Vincennes, 1779. 44. Jefferson's Life of Captain Meriwether Lewis. 45. Fremont's Account of his Ascent of Fremont's Peak. 46. Father Marquette at Chicago, 1673. 47. Washington's Account of the Army at Cambridge, 1775. 48. Bradford's Memoir of Elder Brewster. 49. Bradford's First Dialogue. 50. Winthrop's "Conclusions for the Plantation in New England." 51. "New England's First Fruits," 1643. 52. John Eliot's "Indian Grammar Begun." 53. John Cotton's "God's Promise to his Plantation." 54. Letters of Roger Williams to Winthrop. 55. Thomas Hooker's "Way of the Churches of New England." 56. The Monroe Doctrine: President Monroe's Message of 1823. 57. The English Bible, selections from the various versions. 58. Hooper's Letters to Bullinger. 59. Sir John Eliot's "Apology for Socrates." 60. Ship-money Papers. 61. Pym's Speech against Strafford. 62. Cromwell's Second Speech. 63. Milton's "A Free Commonwealth." 64. Sir Henry Vane's Defence. 65. Washington's Addresses to the Churches. 66. Winthrop's "Little Speech" on Liberty. 67. Cotton Mather's "Bostonian Ebenezer," from the "Magnalia." 68. Governor Hutchinson's Account of the Boston Tea Party. 69. Adrian Van der Donck's Description of New Netherlands in 1655. 70. The Debate in the Constitutional Convention on the Rules of Suffrage in Congress. 71. Columbus's Memorial to Ferdinand and Isabella, on his Second Voyage.

72. The Dutch Declaration of Independence in 1581. 73. Captain John Knox's Account of the Battle of Quebec. 74. Hamilton's Report on the Coinage. 75. William Penn's Plan for the Peace of Europe. 76. Washington's Words on a National University. 77. Cotton Mather's Lives of Bradford and Winthrop. 78. The First Number of *The Liberator*. 79. Wendell Phillips's Eulogy of Garrison. 80. Theodore Parker's Address on the Dangers from Slavery. 81. Whittier's Account of the Anti-slavery Convention of 1833. 82. Mrs. Stowe's Story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 83. Sumner's Speech on the Crime against Kansas. 84. The Words of John Brown. 85. The First Lincoln and Douglas Debate. 86. Washington's Account of his Capture of Boston. 87. The Manners and Customs of the Indians, from Morton's "New English Canaan." 88. The Beginning of King Philip's War, from Hubbard's History of Philip's War, 1677. 89. Account of the Founding of St. Augustine, by Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales. 90. Amerigo Vespucci's Account of his Third Voyage. 91. Champlain's Account of the Founding of Quebec. 92. Barlowe's Account of the First Voyage to Roanoke. 93. Parker's Account of the Settlement of Londonderry, N.H. 94. Juet's Account of the Discovery of the Hudson River. 95. Pastorius's Description of Pennsylvania, 1700. 96. Acrelius's Account of the Founding of New Sweden. 97. Lafayette in the American Revolution. 98. Letters of Washington and Lafayette. 99. Washington's Letters on the Constitution. 100. Robert Browne's "Reformation without Tarrying for Any." 101. Grotius's "Rights of War and Peace." 102. Columbus's Account of Cuba. 103. John Adams's Inaugural. 104. Jefferson's Inaugurals. 105. Account of Louisiana in 1803. 106. Calhoun on the Government of the United States. 107. Lincoln's Cooper Institute Address. 108. Chancellor Livingston on the Invention of the Steamboat. 109. Horace Mann's Address on the Ground of the Free School System. 110. Rufus Choate's Address on the Romance of New England History. 111. Kosuth's First Speech in Faneuil Hall. 112. King Alfred's Description of Europe. 113. Augustine in England. 114. The Hague Arbitration Treaty. 115. John Cabot's Discovery of North America. 116. Sir Francis Drake on the Coast of California. 117. Frobisher's First Voyage. 118. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Expedition to Newfoundland. 119. Raleigh's First Roanoke Colony. 120. Gosnold's Settlement at Cuttyhunk. 121. Captain John Smith's Description of New England. 122. Richard Hakluyt's Discourse on Western Planting. 123. Selections from Dante's "Monarchia." 124. Selections from More's "Utopia." 125. Wyclif's English Bible. 126. Brissot's Account of Boston in 1788. 127. The Ordinance of 1784. 128. The Cession of Louisiana. 129. Monroe's Messages on Florida. 130. Captain Potter's Account of the Fall of the Alamo. 131. Porter's Account of the Discovery of the Columbia River. 132. Sumner's Report on the War with Mexico. 133. Seward's Address on Alaska. 134. William Emerson's Fourth of July Oration, 1802. 135. James G. Carter's Account of the Schools of Massachusetts in 1824. 136. President Dwight's Account of Boston at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. 137. Selections from the First Number of *The Dial*. 138. Alexander Ireland's Recollections of Emerson. 139. The American Lyceum, 1829. 140. Samuel Hoar's Account of his Expulsion from Charleston in 1844. 141. Channing's Essay on Natural Literature, 1830. 142. Words of John Robinson. 143. John Eliot's "Day-breaking of the Gospel with the Indians." 144. Passage

on Education and Prosperity, from Horace Mann's Twelfth Report. 145. Mary Lyon's Pamphlet on Mount Holyoke Seminary, 1835. 146. Elihu Burritt's Addresses on a Congress of Nations. 147. Peter Cooper's Autobiography. 148. Dorothea Dix's Memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature, 1843. 149. General Armstrong's Account of the Founding of the Hampton Institute. 150. George E. Waring, Jr.'s, Account of Old Jersey. 151. Commodore Perry's Landing in Japan in 1853. 152. John Paul Jones's Account of the Battle between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis." 153. The Voyage of the "Mayflower," from Bradford's History. 154. The Planting of Colonies in New England, from John White's "The Planters' Plea." 155. Captain Thomas Wheeler's Narrative of the Fight with the Indians at Brookfield, 1675. 156. The Lexington Town Meetings from 1765 to 1775. 157. *The Lowell Offering*, October, 1845. 158. Governor Andrew's Address to the Massachusetts Legislature, May 14, 1861. 159. Selections from the Poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet. 160. Memorials of the First Graduates of Harvard College, by John Farmer. 161. Franklin's Boyhood in Boston, from his Autobiography. 162. Franklin on War and Peace. 163. Franklin's Plan for Western Colonies, 1754. 164. The Massachusetts Body of Liberties, 1641. 165. John Wise on Government, 1717. 166. The Invention of Ships, by Sir Walter Raleigh. 167. Captain John Smith's Account of the Settlement of Jamestown. 168. De Vries's Account of New Netherland in 1640. 169. The New England Confederation, 1643. 170. Relation of Lord Baltimore's Plantation in Maryland, 1634. 171. William Penn's Description of Pennsylvania, 1683. 172. The Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina, 1669. 173. The Rights of the Colonists. By Samuel Adams, 1772. 174. The Discovery of Pike's Peak, from Pike's Journal. 175. Longfellow Memorial. 176. The Founding of Boston, by Edward Johnson. 177. Cotton Mather's Tribute to Ezekiel Cheever. 178. Governor Hutchinson's Account of Anne Hutchinson. 179. John Adams's Tribute to James Otis, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock. 180. Garrison's First Anti-slavery Address in Boston, 1829. 181. Thomas Hughes's Tribute to the Young Heroes of the Civil War. 182. Josiah Quincy's Farewell Address as Mayor of Boston, 1829. 183. Wendell Phillips's Address on the Old South Meeting-house, 1876. 184. Cotton Mather's History of Harvard College. 185. Cotton Mather's Biographies of Henry Dunster and Charles Chauncy. 186. Pelatiah Webster's Dissertation on the Constitution of the United States, 1783. 187. Washington's Account of his Expedition to the Ohio in 1753. 188. Milton's Treatise on Education. 189. Lincoln's Message to Congress, July 4, 1861. 190. Gladstone's "Kin beyond Sea." 191. Winthrop's Fourth of July Oration, 1876. 192. Dr. Holmes's Fourth of July Oration, 1863. 193. Gladstone's Essay on Tennyson. 194. Darwin's Account of his Education, from his Autobiography. 195. Robert C. Winthrop's Address on Music in New England.

## OLD SOUTH ESSAYS, 1881-1907.

The Old South prizes for the best essays on subjects in American history were first offered by Mrs. Hemenway in 1881, and they have been awarded regularly in each successive year since. The competition is open to all graduates of the various Boston high schools in the current year and the preceding year. Two subjects are proposed each year, forty dollars being awarded for the best essay on each of the subjects named, and twenty-five dollars for the second best,—in all, four prizes.

The first prize essay for 1881, on "The Policy of the early Colonists of Massachusetts toward Quakers and Others whom they regarded as Intruders," by Henry L. Southwick, and one of the first-prize essays for 1889, on "Washington's Interest in Education," by Miss Caroline C. Stecker, have been printed, and can be procured at the Old South Meeting-house. Another of the prize essays on "Washington's Interest in Education," by Miss Julia K. Ordway, was published in the *New England Magazine*, for May, 1890; one of the first-prize essays for 1890, on "Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumseh," by Miss Caroline C. Stecker, appeared in the *New England Magazine* for September, 1891; one of the first-prize essays for 1891, on "Marco Polo's Explorations in Asia and their Influence upon Columbus," by Miss Helen P. Margesson, in the number for August, 1892; one for 1893, on "The Part of Massachusetts Men in the Ordinance of 1787," by Miss Elizabeth H. Tetlow, in March, 1895; one for 1898, on "The Struggle of France and England for North America," by Caroline B. Shaw, in January, 1900; and one for 1901, on "Early Explorations of the New England Coast," by Hyman Askowith, in March, 1903.

The subjects of the Old South essays from 1881 to 1907 are given below, in the hope that they will prove suggestive and stimulating to other students and societies. It will be observed that the subjects of the later essays are closely related to the subjects of the lectures for the year.

1881. What was the policy of the early colonists of Massachusetts toward Quakers and others whom they regarded as intruders? Was this policy in any respect objectionable, and, if so, what excuses can be offered for it?

Why did the American colonies separate from the mother country? Did the early settlers look forward to any such separation, and, if not, how and when did the wish for it grow up? What was the difference between the form of government which they finally adopted and that under which they had before been living?

1882. Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys; or, the early history of the New Hampshire grant, afterward called Vermont.

The town meeting in the Old South Meeting-house on July 22 and 28, 1774.

1883. The right and wrong of the policy of the United States toward the North American Indians.

What were the defects of the "Articles of Confederation" between the United States, and why was the "Constitution of the United States" substituted?

1884. Why did the Pilgrim Fathers come to New England?

The struggle to maintain the Massachusetts charter, to its final loss in 1684. Discuss the relation of the struggle to the subsequent struggle of the colonies for independence.

1885. Slavery as it once prevailed in Massachusetts.

The "States Rights" doctrine in New England, with special reference to the Hartford Convention.

1886. The Boston town meetings and their influence in the American Revolution.

English opinion upon the American Revolution preceding and during the war.

1887. The Albany Convention of 1754, its history and significance, with reference to previous and subsequent movements toward union in the colonies.

Is a Congress of two houses or a Congress of one house the better? What was said about it in the Constitutional Convention, and what is to be said about it to-day?

1888. England's part in the Crusades, and the influence of the Crusades upon the development of English liberty.

The political thought of Sir Henry Vane. Consider Vane's relations to Cromwell and his influence upon America.

1889. The influence of French political thought upon America during the period of the American and French Revolutions.

Washington's interest in the cause of education. Consider especially his project of a national university.

1890. Efforts for the education of the Indians in the American colonies before the Revolution.

King Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumseh: discuss their plans for Indian union and compare their characters.

1891. The introduction of printing into England by William Caxton, and its effects upon English literature and life.

Marco Polo's explorations in Asia, and their influence upon Columbus.

1892. The native races of Mexico, and their civilization at the time of the conquest by Cortes.

English explorations in America during the century following the discovery by Columbus.

1893. The part taken by Massachusetts men in connection with the Ordinance of 1787.

Coronado and the early Spanish explorations of New Mexico.

1894. The relations of the founders of New England to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

The Fundamental Orders of Connecticut and their place in the history of written constitutions.

1895. New England politics as affected by the changes in England from 1629 to 1692, the dates of the two Massachusetts charters.

The character of Cromwell as viewed by his contemporaries. Consider especially the tributes of Milton and Marvell.

1896. Early historical writings in America, from Captain John Smith to Governor Hutchinson.

The Harvard historians, and the services of Harvard University for American history.

1897. The history of slavery in the Northern States and of Anti-slavery Sentiment in the South before the Civil War.



The Anti-slavery movement in American literature.

1898. The Struggle of France and England for North America, from the founding of Quebec by Champlain till the capture of Quebec by Wolfe.

The History of Immigration to the United States from the close of the Revolution to the present time. Consider the race and character of the immigrants in the earlier and later periods.

1899. The American Revolution under Washington and the English Revolution under Cromwell: Compare their Causes, Aims, and Results.

Washington's Plan for a National University: The Argument for it a Hundred Years Ago and the Argument To-day.

1900. The Monroe Doctrine: Its History and Purpose.

Longfellow's Poetry of America: His Use of American Subjects and his Services for American History.

1901. The Explorations of the New England Coast previous to the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, with special reference to the early maps.

The Services of Richard Hakluyt in promoting the English colonization of America.

1902. The Political History of the Louisiana Territory, from the Treaty of Paris in 1763 to the Admission of Louisiana as a State in 1812.

Explorations beyond the Mississippi, from the Discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Gray to the Last Expedition under Fremont.

1903. The Works of Emerson in their Reference to American History, —the Colonial period, the period of the Revolution, and the period of the Anti-slavery Struggle and the Civil War.

The Condition of Public Education in Massachusetts at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

1904. The services of Elihu Burritt and other Americans in connection with the International Peace Congresses in Europe from 1843 to 1851.

The life and work of Francis Parkman as an illustration of heroic devotion in the historical scholar.

1905. The Constitution of Massachusetts: History of the Constitutional Convention of 1779-80, and Comparison of the Massachusetts Constitution with the Constitutions of the other New England States.

The Rise and Decline of the Massachusetts Whale-fishery, studied especially in connection with the history of New Bedford and Nantucket.

1906. The Political Principles of William Penn, as shown in his Writings and in the Frame of Government of Pennsylvania.

Franklin's Plan of Union in 1754, and its relation to his work in connection with the Articles of Confederation and the National Constitution.

1907. The Removal of the Acadians in 1755, the subject of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Compare Parkman's account with the accounts by the New England men in the expedition and other original authorities.

The Beginning of German Emigration to America, illustrated by Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim." Study the growth of the German element up to the time of the Revolution.

1908. Milton's "Way to establish a Free Commonwealth." Study it in connection with his other political writings, and consider how far its principles appear in the political thought of New England before the Revolution.

The Relations of the United States and England during Lincoln's administration, and the arbitration of the "Alabama" claims with the Gladstone government.

## OLD SOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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The Old South essayists of these years now number over two hundred; and they naturally represent the best historical scholarship of their successive years in the Boston high schools. They have been organized into an Old South Historical Society, which holds monthly meetings for the reading of papers and general discussion. The meetings of the society for the season of 1896-97 were devoted to the study of the Anti-slavery Struggle. The general subject for the season of 1897-98 was "The Heritage of Slavery," taking up reconstruction, the education of the freedmen, etc. The subject for 1898-99 was "The History of the Spanish Power in America." The 1899-1900 studies were of "Economic and Social Forces in Massachusetts to 1800." The courses for 1900-1901 and 1901-1902 were on "The Puritan Movement." The course for 1902-1903 was on various movements in the United States during the Nineteenth Century. The course for 1903-1904 was on the French and Indian Wars. The course for 1904-1905 was on Boston in the Nineteenth Century. The course for 1905-1906 was on Boston Men of the Revolution. The course for 1906-1907 was on the early Massachusetts Towns. The course for 1907-1908 was on Studies in Early New England Biography.

The society is not concerned with self-culture alone. The promotion of good citizenship is one of its objects, as well as historical study. It aims to bring history to bear upon life. It has a strong Educational Committee; and through the arrangements of this committee, many of its young men each winter give courses of illustrated historical lectures in the various educational centres of Boston, devoting their work largely to Boston local history.

The society has also instituted annual historical pilgrimages, in which it invites the young people of Boston and vicinity to join. Its first pilgrimage, in 1896, was to old Rutland, Mass., "the cradle of Ohio." Its second pilgrimage, June, 1897, in which six hundred joined, was to the homes of Whittier by the Merrimack. The third pilgrimage, June, 1898, joined in by an equal number, was to the King Philip Country, Mount Hope, R.I. The 1899 pilgrimage was to Plymouth. The 1900 pilgrimage was to Newburyport. The 1901 pilgrimage was to Newport. The 1902 pilgrimage was to Portsmouth. The 1903 pilgrimage was again to the Whittier country. The 1904 pilgrimage was to Andover. The 1905 pilgrimage was to New Bedford. The 1906 pilgrimage was to Ipswich. The 1907 pilgrimage was to Quincy and Hingham. The 1908 pilgrimage was again to Portsmouth.

## THE OLD SOUTH WORK.

The extent of the obligation of Boston and of America to Mary Hemenway for her devotion to the historical and political education of our young people during the closing period of the 19th century is something which we only now begin to properly appreciate, when she has left us and we view her work as a whole. I do not think it is too much to say that she has done more than any other single individual in the same time to promote popular interest in American history and to promote intelligent patriotism.

Mrs. Hemenway was a woman whose interests and sympathies were as broad as the world; but she was a great patriot, and she was pre-eminently that. She was an enthusiastic lover of freedom and of democracy, and there was not a day of her life that she did not think of the great price with which our own heritage of freedom had been purchased. Her patriotism was loyalty. She had a deep feeling of personal gratitude to the founders of New England and the fathers of the Republic. She had a reverent pride in our position of leadership in the history and movement of modern democracy; and she had a consuming zeal to keep the nation strong and pure and worthy of its best traditions, and to kindle this zeal among the young people of the nation. With all her great enthusiasms, she was an amazingly practical and definite woman. She wasted no time or strength in vague generalities, either of speech or action. Others might long for the time when the kingdom of God should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and she longed for it; but, while others longed, she devoted herself to doing what she could to bring that corner of God's world in which she was set into conformity with the laws of God,—and this by every means in her power, by teaching poor girls how to make better clothes and cook better dinners and make better homes, by teaching people to value health and respect and train their bodies, by inciting people to read better books and love better music and better pictures and be interested in more important things. Others might long for the parliament of man and the federation of the world, and so did she; but, while others longed, she devoted herself to doing what she could to make this nation, for which she was particularly responsible, fitter for the federation when it comes. The good patriot, to her thinking, was not the worse cosmopolite. The good State for which she worked was a good Massachusetts; and her chief interest, while others talked municipal reform, was to make a better Boston.

American history, people used to say, is not interesting; and they read about Ivry and Marathon and Zama, about Pym and Pepin and Pericles, the ephors, the tribunes, and the House of Lords. American history, said Mrs. Hemenway, is to us the most interesting and the most important history in the world, if we would only open our eyes to it and look at it in the right way; and I will help people to look at it in the right way. Our very archaeology, she said, is of the highest interest; and through the researches of Mr. Cushing and Dr. Fewkes and others among the Zuni and the Moquis, sustained by her at the cost of thousands of dollars, she did an immense work to make interest in it general. Boston, the Puritan city,—how proud she was of its great line of heroic men, from Winthrop and Cotton and Eliot and Harvard to Sumner and Garrison and Parker and Phillips! How proud she was that Harry Vane once trod its soil and here felt himself at home! How she loved Hancock and Otis and Warren and Revere and the great men of the Boston town meetings—above all, Samuel Adams, the very mention of whose name always thrilled her, and whose portrait was the only one save Washington's which hung on the oaken walls of her great dining-room! The Boston historians, Prescott, Motley, Parkman; the Boston poets, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson,—each word of every one she treasured. She would have enjoyed and would have understood, as few others, that recent declaration of Charles Francis Adams, that the founding of Boston was fraught with consequences to the world not less important than those of the founding of Rome. All other Boston men and women must see Boston as she saw it,—that was her high resolve. They must know and take to heart that they were citizens of no mean city; they must be roused to the sacredness of their inheritance, that so they might be roused to the nobility of their citizenship and the greatness of their duty. It was with this aim and with this spirit, not with the spirit of the mere antiquarian, that Mrs. Hemenway inaugurated the Old South Work. History with her was for use,—the history of Boston, the history of New England, the history of America.

In the first place, she saved the Old South Meeting-house; and, having saved it, she determined that it should not stand an idle monument, the tomb of the great ghosts, but a living temple of patriotism. She knew the didactic power of great associations; and every one who in these thirty years has been in the habit of going to the lectures and celebrations at the Old South knows with what added force many a lesson has been taught within the walls which heard the tread of Washington and which still echo the words of Samuel Adams and James Otis and Joseph Warren.—*Edwin D. Mead.*



## Milton's Treatise on Education.

TO MASTER SAMUEL HARTLIB.

I am long since persuaded, Master Hartlib, that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than simply the love of God, and of mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced, but by your earnest entreaties and serious conjurements; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other assertions, the knowledge and use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth, and honest living with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevailed with me to divide thus, or transpose my former thoughts, but that I see those aims, those actions, which have won you-with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and incitement of great good to this island.

And, as I hear, you have obtained the same repute with men of most approved wisdom, and some of the highest authority among us; not to mention the learned correspondence which you hold in foreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have used in this matter, both here and beyond the seas; either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that, so reputed and so valued as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an

unfit and overponderous argument; but that the satisfaction which you profess to have received, from those incidental discourses which we have wandered into, hath pressed and almost constrained you into a persuasion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought nor can in conscience defer beyond this time both of so much need at once, and so much opportunity to try what God hath determined.

I will not resist, therefore, whatever it is, either of divine or human obligation, that you lay upon me; but will forthwith so down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary idea, which hath long, in silence, presented itself to me, of a better education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavor to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you, therefore, what I have benefited herein among old renowned authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern Januas and Didactics, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flowered off, and are as it were the burnishing of many studious and contemplative years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleased you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man,

as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.

Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in `scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor stripplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. Besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense,) they present their young unmatriculated novices, at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows, where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and habblements, while they expected worthy and delightful

knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity: some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtships and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert

sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law, or physic, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lily to commencing, as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many edifices may be converted to this use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility everywhere. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot company, or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly: their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies: first, they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefulest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labor, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education would be read to them, whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian, and some select pieces elsewhere.

But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such lectures and explanations, upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises, which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be,



but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of arithmetic; and soon after the elements of geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast, till bedtime, their thoughts would be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion, and the story of scripture.

The next step would be to the authors of agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella, for the matter is most easy; and, if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting, and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules' praises. Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of any ordinary prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author the use of the globes, and all the maps, first, with the old names, and then with the new; or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy.

And at the same time might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of grammar being soon overcome, all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's natural questions, to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus passed the principles of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and geography with a general compact of physics, they may descend in mathematics to the instrumental science of trigonometry, and from thence to fortification, architecture, enginery, or navigation. And in natural philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the history of meteors, minerals, plants, and living creatures, as far as anatomy.

Then also in course might be read to them, out of some not tedious writer, the institution of physic, that they may know the tempers, the humors, the seasons, and how to manage a crudity; which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great physician to himself and to his friends, but also may, at some time or other, save an army by this frugal and expenseless means only;

and not let the healthy and stout bodies of young men rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the commander. To set forward all these proceedings in nature and mathematics, what hinders but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experience of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries; and in the other sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists; who doubtless would be ready, some for reward, and some to favor such a hopeful seminary. And this will give them such a real tincture of natural knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius; and in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil.

By this time, years and good general precepts will have furnished them more distinctly with that act of reason which in ethics is called Proairesis; that they may with some judgment contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be required a special reinforcement of constant and sound indoctrinating, to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of virtue and the hatred of vice; while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian remnants; but still to be reduced in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's work, under the determinate sentence of David or Solomon, or the evangelists and apostolic scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of economics. And either now or before this, they may have easily learned, at any odd hour, the Italian tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian; those tragedies, also, that treat of household matters, as *Trachiniæ*, *Alcestis*, and the like.

The next removal must be to the study of politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies; that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but steadfast pillars of the state. After this, they are to dive into the grounds of law, and legal justice; delivered first and with best warrant by Moses; and as far as human prudence can be trusted,

in those extolled remains of Grecian lawgivers, Lycurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas, and thence to all the Roman edicts and tables with their Justinian: and so down to the Saxon and common laws of England, and the statutes.

Sundays also and every evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest matters of theology, and church history, ancient and modern; and ere this time the Hebrew tongue at a set hour might have been gained, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldee and the Syrian dialect. When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigor of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.

And now, lastly, will be the time to read with them those organic arts, which enable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style, of lofty, mean, or lowly. Logic, therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due place with all her well-couched heads and topics, until it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and ornate rhetoric, taught out of the rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.

From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things. Or whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honor and attention would be waiting on their lips.

There would then also appear in pulpits other visage, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oftentimes to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time, in a disciplinary way, from twelve to one and twenty: unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times, for memory's sake, to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the embattling of a Roman legion. Now will be worth the seeing, what exercises and recreations may best agree, and become these studies.

The course of study hitherto briefly described is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and such others, out of which were bred such a number of renowned philosophers, orators, historians, poets, and princes all over Greece, Italy, and Asia, besides the flourishing studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the commonwealth of Sparta; whereas that city trained up their youth most for war, and these in their academies and Lyceum all for the gown, this institution of breeding which I here delineate shall be equally good both for peace and war. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at noon should be allowed them for exercise, and due rest afterwards; but the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure according as their rising in the morning shall be early.

The exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their weapon, to guard, and to strike safely with edge or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valor and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised in all the locks and gripes of wrestling wherein Englishmen were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tug, to grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength.

The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may, both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be inexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having followed it close under vigilant eyes, till about two hours before supper, they are, by a sudden alarum or watchword, to be called out to their military motions, under sky or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then, as their age permits, on horseback, to all the art of cavalry; that having in sport, but with much exactness and daily muster, served out the rudiments of their soldiership, in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long war come forth renowned and perfect commanders in the service of their country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them, for want of just and wise discipline, to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied; they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitable colonels of twenty men in a company, to quaff out or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list, and a miserable remnant; yet in the meanwhile to be overmastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No, certainly, if they knew aught of that knowledge that belongs to good men or good governors, they would not suffer these things.

But to turn to our own institute: besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure itself abroad; in those vernal seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches,

and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. I should not therefore be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years that they have well laid their grounds; but to ride out in companies, with prudent and staid guides, to all the quarters of the land: learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil, for towns and tillage, harbors and ports for trade. Sometimes taking sea as far as to our navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and of sea-fight.

These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of nature; and if there were any secret excellence among them would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which could not but mightily redound to the good of this nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired virtues and excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *monsieurs* of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over, back again, transformed into mimics, apes, and kickshaws. But if they desire to see other countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn principles, but to enlarge experience, and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honor of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And, perhaps, then other nations will be glad to visit us for their breeding, or else to imitate us in their own country.

Now, lastly, for their diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same house; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discoursed with you concerning the best and noblest way of education; not beginning, as some have done, from the cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope; many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a bow for every man to shoot in, that counts himself a teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses; yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easy in the assay, than it now seems at distance, and

much more illustrious; howbeit, not more difficult than I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy, and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

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*Phillips Brooks on "Milton as an Educator," from his Address to the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, 1874.*

I want to speak of the education, and especially of one great educator of two centuries ago, and see if we can learn anything from him. I turn to this period with special interest, not merely because it is the one which has most attracted my own study, but because it is one that so profoundly merits the study of us all. The seventeenth century is really the first thoroughly modern century of English life. The seventeenth century Englishman is the earliest English being whom we of the nineteenth century can easily and perfectly understand. It is not so in the century before. The men and women of the Tudor times are different and distant from us. They are as little modern in their character as in their dress and houses. But with the opening of the seventeenth century, almost taking us by surprise, we come on men whom we can comprehend—whose whole look is familiar to us. Who does not feel the difference between Cardinal Wolsey and Cromwell in this regard? One is all medieval and the other is all modern. Eliot, Hampden, Pym, Laud, Falkland—all the men of the civil wars, whether they were Royalists or Puritans, have this new intelligibleness. We have evidently crossed the line and are in our own land. They are hardly farther from us—in some respects they are not so far from us of New England—as the men of the last century, the men of our own Revolution. If history were taught among us as it ought to be, I think you will agree with me that there is no period of all the history of the world that ought to be taught to our New England youth more fully than that which is most like our own, and most intelligible to us, and the richest in seeds of fruits which we behold to-day—the seventeenth century in England.

Now in the midst of this great century there stands forth in England one picturesque and typical man. The strongest ages do thus incorporate their life in some one strong representative, and hold him up before the world to tell their story. And the most typical man of English seventeenth century life was John Milton. I am drawn to him because of his connection with the history of education, which I shall speak of by and by. But before I can speak of that, I must remind you of how in general Milton embodied in his life all those characteristics which make the seventeenth century strong and positive in history as we look back upon it. Not even Cromwell so largely embodied all its qualities. "He was," as Professor Seeley strongly says, "the most cultivated man of his time, perhaps we might say the most

cultivated man that ever lived in England;" but his culture was all of that best sort which humanizes instead of unhumanizing its subject, and makes it more and not less a representative and specimen of the time in which he lives.

Milton was born in 1608, on the 9th of December, at a quarter past six in the morning, at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, in London, where his father was a prosperous scrivener. That father had been disinherited by *his* father because he had become a Protestant and a Bible had been found in his chamber; already there was protest and reform in the blood. He entered at Christ College at Cambridge when he was fifteen years old, and left before his course was finished, in some sort of mysterious disgrace. One of the endless discussions of his biographers is whether he was flogged in college. Dr. Johnson, who does not like Milton, declares he was, but it seems doubtful; still he might have been, for flogging in the colleges was not yet obsolete, and there was that soul in the audacious school-boy which always brings the school-boy's body into peril. But he left college, and in a few years went abroad upon that European journey which is almost a prominent event in English literary history. Before he went he had already written "Comus" and "Lycidas," the "Allegro" and "Penseroso." Upon the continent he saw great men, and they made much of him. In Paris he saw Grotius; in Florence, the imprisoned Galileo; in Rome, the Cardinal Barberini. He made friendships that lasted all his life, and he filled his mind full of knowledge. But just as he was planning to go on to Sicily and Greece, the news of the civil war at home came to him, and, Englishman that he was, he hurried home.

Just with the same spirit with which so many of our young men who seemed lost in the fascination of foreign study turned at the earliest drum-beat of our war and hurried home that the war might not fight itself through without them, so Milton turned and left beloved Italy behind him and hurried home to give the Parliament and the Commonwealth the help of his pen and, if they needed that, of his sword, too. Here he became at once the champion of the popular cause. He laid poetry aside, and for the next twenty years the press teemed with his pamphlets. He wrote against the bishops, against royalty, against the Church. He pleaded for the freedom of printing, for the right of rebellion, and, having his own home reasons for turning his thoughts that way, for the liberty of divorce. After a while he was Cromwell's Latin secretary, and gave the great Protector his best praises and best help.

So things went on, with Milton's heart and pen always in the very thick of them, until Oliver died, and then the melancholy Restoration came. The great champion of liberty became silent, and escaped the penalties of all the past years—nobody has ever been able to make out just how. He was blind now, and getting old. But "Paradise Lost" was yet to be written before he could have liberty to die. It



was written in silence, and the world hardly took more note when it was published than it does when the sun rises. Then came the "Paradise Regained," and then the "Samson Agonistes," the last great outcry of his passionate heart; and then at last, on Sunday the 8th of November, 1674, he died in peace, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where probably his bones are lying still.

He was the most typical Englishman of the most typical and strongest English time; and this might interest any one who had red English blood running in his veins. But he especially belongs to us—he has his place here among those who are interested in education, because this typical Englishman was a schoolmaster, and one of the most thoughtful and suggestive reasoners on education that the English race ever produced. He is near enough to us to let us understand him, but he is far enough away from us to let us look at him with something of romantic feeling, as we think of the greatest of Englishmen sitting with a dozen boys about him, not merely teaching them, but reasoning about their teaching, looking over their heads and seeing the distant visions of the perfect education of the future, as true a poet when he sat in the teacher's chair as when before his organ he chanted lofty hymns and told the story of eternities. It came about in this way. Milton, returning from Italy when the civil war broke out, found in his father's house two children of his widowed sister, Mrs. Philips—Edward and John—and he began to teach them. Soon other boys, sons of his friends, came in, and his last biographer, Mr. Masson, who has left little for any one coming after him to learn of Milton, has gathered up, in all, traces of twenty or thirty youths who at one time or other were the great master's pupils. The school was always in the teacher's house, first in Aldersgate Street, where it was what his pupil Philips describes as a "garden house at the end of an entry"—a quiet spot, no doubt, with a little plot of ground, up a sleepy court, in what is now the very heart of "streaming London's central roar"—and then afterward in a house in what was called Barbican, where, when he was once settled, his pupil writes, "the house looked like a house of the Muses, though the access of scholars was not great." It certainly seems not very inspiring. Philips tried hard to show that his uncle never was a common teacher. "Possibly his proceeding thus far in the education of youth," he says, "may have been the occasion of some of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and schoolmaster, when, as it is well known, he never set up for a public school to teach all the young fry of a parish, but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to relations and to sons of some gentlemen that were his intimate friends." And Dr. Johnson, churchman and Loyalist, who never liked the great Independent and rebel, says of his school that "from this wonder-working academy I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge." But still the fact remains that Milton had his school, and really taught it, that he wrote

a Latin accident, that he planned from time to time a scheme of a great school, that the strong hand that wrote the "Samson" flogged his pupils till they roared, and the genius that conceived "Paradise Lost" knew nothing unworthy or incongruous in the school-room drudgery.

Just think of being Milton's scholar! Every art slips down into technicalities and loses its first inspiring principles. It cannot keep the grandeur of *ideas*. What technical skill the great teacher of Aldersgate Street may have had, what discipline he kept, how he managed his markings and rankings, we cannot know; but at least we are sure that in that dingy room, with the dingy London roses blooming outside the window, the *ideas* of teaching, the *ends* of scholarship, the *principles* of education, never were forgotten or lost out of sight. No doubt we should see and feel this for ourselves if it were possible for us to open the old school-room door and go in and sit down among the scholars, where the great master, waxing dimmer of sight and getting on toward stony blindness every day, should not discover us. But this we cannot do, and so we are glad we can turn away from the mere mention of Milton's actual school-teaching, which is so unsatisfying, and find that he has written down for us what he thought and believed about school-teaching in his famous tract on education.

There was in Milton's time in London a well-known gentleman by the name of Samuel Hartlib. He was the son of a Polish merchant who had married an English lady and settled himself in England. He seems to have had a fresh, bright, kindly mind. Everybody knew him; he interested himself in everything that was live and good; he talked with everybody who had anything to say. Every great city has just such men—we know such men in ours. This gentleman had often talked with the great schoolmaster about education, and was very much interested in what Milton said; and he had begged Milton often, as they sat together talking, to write down what he was saying, so that it might not be lost. The busy Milton at last complied, and the result is that we have a dozen pages of his stately prose, in which he pictures his ideal of school-teaching and gives us, it is safe to say, a prospectus of philosophic education within which almost all the progress of our modern schools has been included, and which it is very far yet from outgrowing. Surely it will be interesting to look at his ideas in the light of modern developments. I know how often practical teachers are impatient of new theories. They do not love to listen to a mere philosopher who sits in his study and tells them what a school ought to be. But remember, Milton's ideas were not wholly theories. He had seen some practice. And remember, too, that if the teacher's art be in any high sense an art at all, it must have a philosophy behind it. If we would not allow it to sink into a mere set of rules, and depend for its success on certain mere tricks or knacks, it must forever refresh itself out of the fountain of first principles and inspire itself with the contemplation of even unattainable ideals.

This leads us to a brief sketch of the main thoughts which this essay of the great Englishman contains. I am surprised, when I enumerate them, to see how thoroughly they are the thoughts which all our modern education has tried to realize. Here they are fully conceived in the rich mind of the representative man of two centuries ago. This is the value of his treatise in the history of education. Milton's ideas then, about education are really reducible to three great ideas, which may be thus named: *naturalness, practicalness, nobleness*. These are the three first necessities of education, which he is always trying to apply; and what has modern education done more than this?

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"There is not in literature," says Emerson in his essay on Milton, "a more noble outline of a wise external education than that which Milton drew up, at the age of thirty-six, in his letter to Samuel Hartlib." Emerson was himself a pioneer and prophet in educational reform,—President Eliot, in his address at the Emerson centennial, paid noteworthy tribute to him for his powerful grasp and statement of principles which had become cardinal in his own educational policies,—and all his utterances upon education enforce the three great ideas of naturalness, practicalness, and nobleness, to which, as Phillips Brooks rightly says in the passage above quoted, Milton's ideas about education are really reducible. Phillips Brooks's address upon "Milton as an Educator" may be found in the published volume of his "Essays and Addresses," and the student is urged to read the entire address. In Frederick Denison Maurice's volume, "The Friendship of Books," is an address of similar scope and character upon "Milton considered as a Schoolmaster." More analytical and more critical than either of these stimulating addresses, and written more strictly from the pedagogical point of view, is the address upon Milton by S. S. Laurie, in his "Addresses on Educational Subjects," devoted expressly to Milton's tractate on Education. The tractate is also discussed in the various histories of pedagogy, as in the various lives of Milton. See J. A. St. John's notes to Milton's treatise on Education, in his edition of Milton's Prose Works, in Bohn's Library.

In Masson's great work upon the Life and Times of Milton, a special section (vol. iii. p. 231) is devoted to the tractate and the circumstances of its production, with much fuller advices concerning Samuel Hartlib and his relations to Milton and to the educational movements of his day than those given in the passage from Phillips Brooks's address printed above. The student will find Masson's famous work the great storehouse of information upon every aspect of Milton's life and work. There are many excellent brief biographies,—by Mark Pattison, Garnett, Stopford Brooke, and others; and the essays and chapters upon Milton by English and American writers—Dr. Johnson, Addison, Macaulay, De Quincey, Coleridge, Lowell, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Bagehot, Bayne, Birrell, Dowden, Barrett Wendell, John Fiske, and others—constitute an imposing library. The valuable article in the Dictionary of National Biography is by Leslie Stephen. See the section on Milton in W. J. Courthorpe's "Life in Poetry." Lucia Ames Mead's "Milton's England" paints the background of his life; and Masterman's "The Age of Milton" renders in another way a similar service. Corson's little "Introduction to the Works of Milton," which is especially commended to those whose reading must be limited, brings together in an admirable way the many autobiographical passages from Milton's writings. The editions of Milton's poems are of course innumerable; and there are several editions of his prose works. Students of his work as an educator will be especially interested to refer to his brief Latin Grammar, written in English,—a bold innovation at the time. His famous pamphlet on "A Free Commonwealth" was reprinted in Old South Leaflet No. 63.

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# Lincoln's First Message to Congress.

MESSAGE TO CONGRESS IN SPECIAL SESSION, JULY 4, 1861.

*Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:*

Having been convened on an extraordinary occasion, as authorized by the Constitution, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation.

At the beginning of the present presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal Government were found to be generally suspended within the several States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida, excepting only those of the Post-office Department.

Within these States all the forts, arsenals, dockyards, custom-houses, and the like, including the movable and stationary property in and about them, had been seized, and were held in open hostility to this government, excepting only Forts Pickens, Taylor, and Jefferson, on and near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina. The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition, new ones had been built, and armed forces had been organized, and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose.

The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal Government in and near these States were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter was nearly surrounded by well-protected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own, and outnumbering the latter as perhaps ten to one. A disproportionate share of the Federal muskets

and rifles had somehow found their way into these States, and had been seized to be used against the government. Accumulations of the public revenue lying within them had been seized for the same object. The navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very small part of it within the immediate reach of the government. Officers of the Federal army and navy had resigned in great numbers; and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the government. Simultaneously, and in connection with all this, the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed. In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of these States, declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined government of these States had been promulgated; and this illegal organization, in the character of confederate States, was already invoking recognition, aid, and intervention from foreign powers.

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made and was declared in the inaugural address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion, and the ballot-box. It promised a continuance of the mails, at government expense, to the very people who were resisting the government; and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people, or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was forborne without which it was believed possible to keep the government on foot.

On the 5th of March (the present incumbent's first full day in office), a letter of Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Sumter, written on the 28th of February and received at the War Department on the 4th of March, was by that department placed in his hands. This letter expressed the professional opinion of the writer that reinforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same, with a force of less than twenty thousand good and well

disciplined men. This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command, and their memoranda on the subject were made inclosures of Major Anderson's letter. The whole was immediately laid before Lieutenant-General Scott, who at once concurred with Major Anderson in opinion. On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers, both of the army and the navy, and at the end of four days came reluctantly but decidedly to the same conclusion as before. He also stated at the same time that no such sufficient force was then at the control of the government, or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when the provisions in the fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view, this reduced the duty of the administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it would be reached Fort Pickens might be reinforced. This last would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military necessity. An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship *Brooklyn* into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and slower route by sea. The first return news from the order was received just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter. The news itself was that the officer commanding the *Sabine*, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the *Brooklyn*, acting upon some *quasi* armistice of the late administration (and of the existence of which the present administration, up to the time the order was despatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention), had refused to land the troops. To now reinforce Fort Pickens before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter was impossible—rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter-named fort. In precaution against such a conjecture, the government had, a few days before, commenced preparing an

expedition as well adapted as might be to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used, or not, according to circumstances. The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. As had been intended in this contingency, it was also resolved to notify the governor of South Carolina that he might expect an attempt would be made to provision the fort; and that, if the attempt should not be resisted, there would be no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition, without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given; whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall without even awaiting the arrival of the provision expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defense on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution—trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion, and the ballot-box for final adjustment; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution. That this was their object the executive well understood; and having said to them in the inaugural address, "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so free from the power of ingenious sophistry that the world should not be able to misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby the assailants of the government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort sent to that harbor years before for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful. In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue, "immediate dissolution or blood."

And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United

States. It represents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control administration according to organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretenses made in this case, or on any other pretenses, or arbitrarily without any pretense, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask: "Is there, in all republics, this inherent and fatal weakness?" "Must a government, of necessity, be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?"

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the government; and so to resist force employed for its destruction, by force for its preservation.

The call was made, and the response of the country was most gratifying, surpassing in unanimity and spirit the most sanguine expectation. Yet none of the States commonly called slave States, except Delaware, gave a regiment through regular State organization. A few regiments have been organized within some others of those States by individual enterprise, and received into the government service. Of course the seceded States, so called (and to which Texas had been joined about the time of the inauguration), gave no troops to the cause of the Union. The border States, so called, were not uniform in their action, some of them being almost for the Union, while in others—as Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas—the Union sentiment was nearly repressed and silenced. The course taken in Virginia was the most remarkable—perhaps the most important. A convention elected by the people of that State to consider this very question of disrupting the Federal Union was in session at the capital of Virginia when Fort Sumter fell. To this body the people had chosen a large majority of professed Union men. Almost immediately after the fall of Sumter, many members of that majority went over to the original disunion minority, and with them adopted an ordinance for withdrawing the State from the Union. Whether this change was wrought by their great approval of the assault upon Sumter, or their great resentment at the government's resistance to that assault, is not definitely known. Although they submitted the ordinance for ratification



to a vote of the people, to be taken on a day then somewhat more than a month distant, the convention and the legislature (which was also in session at the same time and place), with leading men of the State not members of either, immediately commenced acting as if the State were already out of the Union. They pushed military preparations vigorously forward all over the State. They seized the United States armory at Harper's Ferry, and the navy-yard at Gosport, near Norfolk. They received—perhaps invited—into their State large bodies of troops, with their warlike appointments, from the so-called seceded States. They formally entered into a treaty of temporary alliance and co-operation with the so-called "Confederate States," and sent members to their congress at Montgomery. And, finally, they permitted the insurrectionary government to be transferred to their capital at Richmond.

The people of Virginia have thus allowed this giant insurrection to make its nest within her borders; and this government has no choice left but to deal with it where it finds it. And it has the less regret as the loyal citizens have, in due form, claimed its protection. Those loyal citizens this government is bound to recognize and protect, as being Virginia.

In the border States, so called,—in fact, the Middle States,—there are those who favor a policy which they call "armed neutrality"; that is, an arming of those States to prevent the Union forces passing one way, or the disunion the other, over their soil. This would be disunion completed. Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation—and yet not quite an impassable one, for under the guise of neutrality it would tie the hands of Union men and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do to an open enemy. At a stroke it would take all the trouble off the hands of secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade. It would do for the disunionists that which, of all things, they most desire—feed them well, and give them disunion without a struggle of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution, no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is, nevertheless, very injurious in effect.

Recurring to the action of the government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for 75,000 militia; and, rapidly following this, a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insur-

rectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal. At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering.

Other calls were made for volunteers to serve for three years unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the regular army and navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon, under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity; trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them. It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress.

Soon after the first call for militia, it was considered a duty to authorize the commanding general in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who has sworn to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" should not himself violate them. Of course some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted upon. The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty that, practically, it relieves more of the guilty than of the innocent, should to a very limited extent be violated? To state the question more directly, are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the government itself go to pieces lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," is equivalent to a provi-

sion—is a provision—that such privilege may be suspended when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ which was authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the executive, is vested with this power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power; and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion.

No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the attorney-general. Whether there shall be any legislation upon the subject, and if any, what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of this government had been so extraordinary and so long continued as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable. While this, on discovery, gave the executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers; and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War, and the Navy will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action; while the executive and all the departments will stand ready to supply omissions, or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one: that you place at the control of the government for the work at least four hundred thousand men and \$400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where, apparently, all are willing to engage; and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of \$600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution when we came out of that struggle; and the money value in the country now bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population.

Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction, and the hand of the executive to give it practical shape and efficiency. One of the greatest perplexities of the government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their government if the government itself will do its part only indifferently well.

It might seem, at first thought, to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called "secession" or "rebellion." The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to an yrespectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps, through all the incidents, to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may consistently with the National Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union without the consent of the Union or of any other State. The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judges of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice.

With rebellion thus sugar-coated they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the government the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretense of taking their State out of the Union, who could have been brought to no such thing the day before.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole, of its currency

from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State—to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution—no one of them ever having been a State out of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence; and the new ones each came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas. And even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the “United Colonies” were declared to be “free and independent States”; but even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time, and afterward, abundantly show. The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual, is most conclusive. Having never been States either in substance or in name outside of the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of “State Rights,” asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the “sovereignty” of the States; but the word even is not in the National Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is “sovereignty” in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it “a political community without a political superior”? Tested by this, no one of our States except Texas ever was a sovereignty. And even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union; by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law of the land. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase the Union gave each of them whatever of independence or liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and, in turn, the Union

threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State constitution independent of the Union. Of course, it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their constitutions before they entered the Union—nevertheless, dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution; but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but, at most, such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the government itself had never been known as a governmental, as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution in defining boundaries between the two has applied the principle with exact accuracy, is not to be questioned. We are all bound by that defining, without question.

What is now combated is the position that secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it; and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums (in the aggregate, I believe, nearly a hundred millions) to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes. Is it just that she shall now be off without consent or without making any return? The nation is now in debt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called seceding States in common with the rest. Is it just either that creditors shall go unpaid or the remaining States pay the whole? A part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave and pay no part of this herself?

Again, if one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours

when we borrowed their money? If we now recognize this doctrine by allowing the seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They have assumed to make a national constitution of their own, in which of necessity they have either discarded or retained the right of secession as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that on principle it ought not to be in ours. If they have retained it by their own construction of ours, they show that to be consistent they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts or effecting any other selfish or unjust object. The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no government can possibly endure.

If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of seceder politicians would at once deny the power and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called "driving the one out," should be called "the seceding of the others from that one," it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do. These politicians are subtle and profound on the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution and speaks from the preamble calling itself "We, the People."

It may well be questioned whether there is to-day a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except perhaps South Carolina, in favor of disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one, of the so-called seceded States. The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee; for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election, all that large class who are at once for the Union and against coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union.

It may be affirmed without extravagance that the free institu-

tions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and an impressive illustration. So large an army as the government has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it, but who has taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a cabinet, a congress, and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries in this contest; but if it is, so much better the reason why the government which has conferred such benefits on both them and us should not be broken up. Whoever in any section proposes to abandon such a government would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it—what better he is likely to get in its stead—whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people? There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence in which, unlike the good old one, penned by Jefferson, they omit the words “all men are created equal.” Why? They have adopted a temporary national constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one, signed by Washington, they omit “We, the People,” and substitute, “We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States.” Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life. Yielding to partial and temporary departures, from necessity, this is the leading object of the government for whose existence we contend.

I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this, the government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with the offices have resigned and proved



false to the hand which had pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag.

Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor, and most important fact of all, is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors. To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of the plain people. They understand, without an argument, that the destroying of the government which was made by Washington means no good to them.

Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains—its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets; and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal, except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace: teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take it by a war; teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the government toward the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws; and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and the people, under the Constitution, than that expressed in the inaugural address.

He desires to preserve the government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it. Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of their government, and the government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion, any conquest, or any subjugation, in any just sense of those terms.

The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government. But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so, it may also discard the republican form of government; so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable means to the end of maintaining the guarantee mentioned; and when an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the executive found the duty of employing the war power in defense of the government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the government. No compromise by public servants could, in this case, be a cure; not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can only save the government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish; much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as the free people have confided to him. He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility he has, so far, done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your actions may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights of a certain and speedy restoration to them, under the Constitution and the laws.

And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JULY 4, 1861.

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The closing words of Lincoln's first inaugural address, March 4, 1861, are well remembered: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-

stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Both of Lincoln's inaugural addresses (1861 and 1865), together with the proclamation of emancipation and the speech at Gettysburg, are reprinted in Old South Leaflet No. 11. Leaflet No. 85 is devoted to the first Lincoln and Douglas debate; and in Leaflet No. 107 is given Lincoln's famous address at the Cooper Institute, New York, in 1860. In these latter two leaflets we find clearly defined his attitude upon the anti-slavery issue as it affected the political situation with which as President he had to deal. He entered upon the Presidency when the work of the disruption of the Union was already far advanced; and in his inaugural he discussed with precision the question of the constitutional relation of the States to the Union. Fort Sumter was fired upon April 12, 1861. On April 15 President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 militia, and convening Congress in extra session on July 4. His message to Congress at that time, reprinted in the present leaflet, was devoted entirely to the problems of the Civil War, into which the country was already plunged, including a further discussion of the relation of the States to the Nation under the Constitution. It is of high significance as the clear and careful definition by President Lincoln of the issues and principles involved in the Civil War at its outbreak. The student is advised to read in connection, in Lincoln's Complete Works, edited by Nicolay and Hay, Lincoln's annual message to Congress, Dec. 3, 1861 (ii. 93), and other messages; also his last public address, April 11, 1865 (ii. 672), in which he touches upon certain principles involved in reconstruction. See Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, and the briefer biographies; also the histories of the Civil War, by Rhodes and others.

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## Gladstone's "Kin beyond Sea."

1878.

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"When Love unites, wide space divides in vain,  
And hands may clasp across the spreading main."

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1. It is now nearly half a century since the works of De Tocqueville and De Beaumont, founded upon personal observation, brought the institutions of the United States effectually within the circle of European thought and interest. They were co-operators, but not upon an equal scale. De Beaumont belongs to the class of ordinary, though able writers; De Tocqueville was the Burke of his age, and his treatise upon America may well be regarded as among the best books hitherto produced for the political student of all times and countries.

2. But higher and deeper than the concern of the old world at large in the thirteen colonies, now grown into thirty-eight States, besides eight Territories, is the special interest of England in their condition and prospects.

I do not speak of political controversies between them and us, which are happily, as I trust, at an end. I do not speak of the vast contribution which, from year to year, through the operations of a colossal trade, each makes to the wealth and comfort of the other; nor of the friendly controversy, which in its own place it might be well to raise, between the leanings of America to Protectionism, and the more daring reliance of the old country upon free and unrestricted intercourse with all the world; Nor of the menace which, in the prospective development of her resources, America offers to the commercial pre-

eminence of England.\* On this subject I will only say that it is she alone who, at a coming time, can, and probably will, wrest from us that commercial primacy. We have no title, I have no inclination, to murmur at the prospect. If she acquires it, she will make the acquisition by the right of the strongest; but, in this instance, the strongest means the best. She will probably become what we are now, the head servant in the great household of the World, the employer of all employed; because her service will be the most and ablest. We have no more title against her than Venice or Genoa or Holland has had against us. One great duty is entailed upon us, which we, unfortunately, neglect,—the duty of preparing, by a resolute and sturdy effort, to reduce our public burdens, in preparation for a day when we shall probably have less capacity than we have now to bear them.

3. Passing by all these subjects, with their varied attractions, I come to another, which lies within the tranquil domain of political philosophy. The students of the future, in this department, will have much to say in the way of comparison between American and British institutions. The relationship between these two is unique in history. It is always interesting to trace and to compare Constitutions, as it is to compare languages; especially in such instances as those of the Greek States and the Italian Republics, or the diversified forms of the feudal system in the different countries of Europe. But there is no parallel in all the records of the world to the case of that prolific British mother, who has sent forth her innumerable children over all the earth to be the founders of half a dozen empires. She, with her progeny, may almost claim to constitute a kind of Universal Church in politics. But among these children there is one whose place in the world's eye and in history is superlative: it is the American Republic. She is the eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her land into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. And it may be well here to mention what has not always been sufficiently observed, that the distinction between continuous empire and empire severed and dispersed over sea is vital. The development which the Republic has

\* [This topic was much more largely handled by me in the Financial Statement which I delivered, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, on May 2, 1866. I recommend attention to the excellent article by Mr. Henderson, in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1878; and I agree with the author in being disposed to think that the protective laws of America effectually bar the full development of her competing power.—W. E. G., Nov. 6, 1878.]

effected has been unexampled in its rapidity and force. While other countries have doubled, or at most trebled, their population, she has risen during one single century of freedom, in round numbers, from two millions to forty-five. As to riches, it is reasonable to establish, from the decennial stages of the progress thus far achieved, a series for the future; and, reckoning upon this basis, I suppose that the very next Census, in the year 1880, will exhibit her to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all the nations. The huge figure of a thousand millions sterling, which may be taken roundly as the annual income of the United Kingdom, has been reached at a surprising rate,—a rate which may perhaps be best expressed by saying that, if we could have started forty or fifty years ago from zero, at the rate of our recent annual increment, we should now have reached our present position. But, while we have been advancing with this portentous rapidity, America is passing us by as if in a canter. Yet even now the work of searching the soil and the bowels of the territory, and opening out her enterprise throughout its vast expanse, is in its infancy. The England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations of the world. But there can hardly be a doubt, as between the America and the England of the future, that the daughter, at some no very distant time, will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother.

“O matre forti filia fortior.”\*

4. But all this pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall remain, or shall become, greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being. Ascending, then, from the ground floor of material industry towards the regions in which these purposes are to be wrought out, it is for each nation to consider how far its institutions have reached a state in which they can contribute their maximum to the store of human happiness and excellence. And for the political student all over the world it will be beyond anything curious as well as useful to examine, with what diversities, as well as what resemblances, of apparatus, the two greater branches of a race born to command have been

\* See Hor. Od. I. 16.

minded, or induced, or constrained to work out, in their sea-severed seats, their political destinies according to the respective laws appointed for them.

No higher ambition can find vent in a paper such as this than to suggest the position and claims of the subject, and slightly to indicate a few outlines, or at least fragments, of the working material.

5. In many and the most fundamental respects the two still carry in undiminished, perhaps in increasing, clearness, the notes of resemblance that beseeem a parent and a child.

Both wish for self-government; and, however grave the drawbacks under which in one or both it exists, the two have, among the great nations of the world, made the most effectual advances towards the true aim of rational politics.

They are similarly associated in their fixed idea that the force in which all government takes effect is to be constantly backed and, as it were, illuminated, by thought in speech and writing. The ruler of St. Paul's time "bare the sword" (Rom. xiii. 4). Bare it, as the Apostle says, with a mission to do right; but he says nothing of any duty, or any custom, to show by reason that he was doing right. Our two governments, whatsoever they do, have to give reasons for it,—not reasons which will convince the unreasonable, but reasons which on the whole will convince the average mind, and carry it unitedly forwards in a course of action, often, though not always wise, and carrying within itself provisions, where it is unwise, for the correction of its own unwisdom before it grow into an intolerable rankness. They are governments, not of force only, but of persuasion.

6. Many more are the concords, and not less vital than these, of the two nations, as expressed in their institutions. They alike prefer the practical to the abstract. They tolerate opinion, with only a reserve on behalf of decency; and they desire to confine coercion to the province of action, and to leave thought, as such, entirely free. They set a high value on liberty for its own sake. They desire to give full scope to the principles of self-reliance in the people, and they deem self-help to be immeasurably superior to help in any other form; to be the only help, in short, which ought not to be continually, or periodically, put upon its trial, and required to make good its title. They mistrust and dislike the centralization of power; and they cherish municipal, local, even parochial liberties, as nursery grounds, not only for the

production here and there of able men, but for the general training of public virtue and independent spirit. They regard publicity as the vital air of politics; through which alone, in its freest circulation, opinions can be thrown into common stock for the good of all, and the balance of relative rights and claims can be habitually and peaceably adjusted. It would be difficult, in the case of any other pair of nations, to present an assemblage of traits at once so common and so distinctive as has been given in this probably imperfect enumeration.

7. There were, however, the strongest reasons why America could not grow into a reflection or repetition of England. Passing from a narrow island to a continent almost without bounds, the colonists at once and vitally altered their conditions of thought, as well as of existence, in relation to the most important and most operative of all social facts, the possession of the soil. In England, inequality lies imbedded in the very base of the social structure; in America it is a late, incidental, unrecognized product, not of tradition, but of industry and wealth, as they advance with various and, of necessity, unequal steps. Heredity, seated as an idea in the heart's core of Englishmen, and sustaining far more than it is sustained by those of our institutions which express it, was as truly absent from the intellectual and moral store with which the colonists traversed the Atlantic as if it had been some forgotten article in the bills of lading that made up their cargoes. Equality combined with liberty, and renewable at each descent from one generation to another, like a lease with stipulated breaks, was the groundwork of their social creed. In vain was it sought, by arrangements such as those connected with the name of Baltimore or of Penn, to qualify the action of those overpowering forces which so determined the case. Slavery itself, strange as it now may seem, failed to impair the theory, however it may have imported into the practice a hideous solecism. No harder republicanism was generated in New England than in the Slave States of the South, which produced so many of the great statesmen of America.

8. It may be said that the North, and not the South, had the larger number of colonists, and was the centre of those commanding moral influences which gave to the country as a whole its political and moral atmosphere. The type and form of manhood for America was supplied neither by the Recusant in Maryland nor by the Cavalier in Virginia, but by the Puritan of New



England; and it would have been a form and type widely different, could the colonization have taken place a couple of centuries or a single century sooner. Neither the Tudor nor even the Plantagenet period could have supplied its special form. The Reformation was a cardinal factor in its production; and this in more ways than one.

9. Before that great epoch, the political forces of the country were represented on the whole by the Monarch, on one side, and the people, on the other. In the people, setting aside the latent vein of Lollardism, there was a general homogeneity with respect to all that concerned the relation of governors and governed. In the deposition of Sovereigns, the resistance to abuses, the establishment of institutions for the defence of liberty, there were no two parties to divide the land. But with the Reformation a new dualism was sensibly developed among us. Not a dualism so violent as to break up the national unity, but yet one so marked and substantial that thenceforward it was very difficult for any individual or body of men to represent the entire English character and the old balance of its forces. The wrench which severed the Church and the people from the Roman obedience left for domestic settlement thereafter a tremendous internal question, between the historical and the new, which in its milder form perplexes us to this day. Except during the short reign of Edward VI. the civil power, in various methods and degrees, took what may be termed the traditionary side, and favored the development of the historical more than the individual aspect of the national religion. These elements confronted one another during the reigns of the earlier Stuarts, not only with obstinacy, but with fierceness. There had grown up with the Tudors, from a variety of causes, a great exaggeration of the idea of Royal power; and this arrived, under James I. and Charles I., at a rank maturity. Not less, but even more masculine and determined was the converse development. Mr. Hallam saw, and has said, that at the outbreak of the Great Rebellion the old British Constitution was in danger, not from one party, but from both. In that mixed fabric had once been harmonized the ideas, both of religious duty, and of allegiance as related to it, which were now held in severance. The hardest and dominating portion of the American colonists represented that severance in its extremest form, and had dropped out of the order of the ideas which they carried across the water all those elements of

political Anglicism which give to aristocracy in this country a position only second in strength to that of freedom. State and Church alike had frowned upon them; and their strong reaction was a reaction of their entire nature, alike of the spiritual and the secular man. All that was democratic in the policy of England and all that was Protestant in her religion they carried with them, in pronounced and exclusive forms, to a soil and a scene singularly suited for their growth.

10. It is to the honor of the British Monarchy that, upon the whole, it frankly recognized the facts, and did not pedantically endeavor to restrain by artificial and alien limitations the growth of the infant States. It is a thing to be remembered that the accusations of the colonies in 1776 were entirely levelled at the King actually on the throne, and that a general acquittal was thus given by them to every preceding reign. Their infancy had been upon the whole what their manhood was to be, self-governed and republican. Their revolution, as we call it, was like ours in the main,—a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed. It was a Conservative revolution; and the happy result was that, notwithstanding the sharpness of the collision with the mother-country and with domestic loyalism, the Thirteen Colonies made provision for their future in conformity, as to all that determined life and manners, with the recollections of their past. The two Constitutions of the two countries express indeed rather the differences than the resemblances of the nations. The one is a thing grown, the other a thing made; the one a *praxis*, the other a *poiesis*; the one the offspring of tendency and indeterminate time, the other of choice and of an epoch. But, as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history, so the American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. It has had a century of trial, under the pressure of exigencies caused by an expansion unexampled in point of rapidity and range; and its exemption from formal change, though not entire, has certainly proved the sagacity of the constructors and the stubborn strength of the fabric.

11. One whose life has been greatly absorbed in working, with others, the institutions of his own country, has not had the opportunities necessary for the careful and searching scrutiny of institutions elsewhere. I should feel, in looking at those of

America, like one who attempts to scan the stars with the naked eye. My notices can only be few, faint, and superficial: they are but an introduction to what I have to say of the land of my birth. A few sentences will dispose of them.

12. America, whose attitude towards England has always been masculine and real, has no longer to anticipate at our hands the frivolous and offensive criticisms which were once in vogue among us. But neither nation prefers (and it would be an ill sign if either did prefer) the institutions of the other; and we certainly do not contemplate the great Republic in the spirit of mere optimism. We see that it has a marvellous and unexampled adaptation for its peculiar vocation; that it must be judged not in the abstract, but under the fore-ordered laws of its existence; that it has purged away the blot with which we brought it into the world; that it bravely and vigorously grapples with the problem of making a Continent into a State; and that it treasures with fondness the traditions of British antiquity, which are in truth unconditionally its own, as well and as much as they are ours. The thing that perhaps chiefly puzzles the inhabitants of the old country is why the American people should permit their entire existence to be continually disturbed by the business of the Presidential elections; and, still more, why they should raise to its maximum the intensity of this perturbation by providing, as we are told, for what is termed a clean sweep of the entire Civil Service, in all its ranks and departments, on each accession of a Chief Magistrate. We do not perceive why this arrangement is more rational than would be a corresponding usage in this country on each change of ministry. Our practice is as different as possible. We limit to a few scores of persons the removals and appointments on these occasions; although our Ministries seem to us, not infrequently, to be more sharply severed from one another in principle and tendency than are the successive Presidents of the great Union.

13. It would be out of place to discuss in this article occasional phenomena of local corruption in the United States, by which the nation at large can hardly be touched; or the mysterious manipulations of votes for the Presidency, which are now understood to be under examination; or the very curious influences which are shaping the politics of the negroes and of the South. These last are corollaries to the great slave-question; and it seems very possible that after a few years we may see most of the

laborers, both in the Southern States and in England, actively addicted to the political support of that section of their countrymen who to the last had resisted their emancipation.

14. But if there be those in this country who think that American democracy means public levity and intemperance, or a lack of skill and sagacity in politics, or the absence of self-command and self-denial, let them bear in mind a few of the most salient and recent facts of history which may profitably be recommended to their reflections. We emancipated a million of negroes by peaceful legislation: America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war; yet the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of our negro Colonies have dwindled. The South enjoys all its franchises, but we have, *proh pudor!* found no better method of providing for peace and order in Jamaica, the chief of our islands, than by the hard and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions.

15. The Civil War compelled the States, both North and South, to train and embody a million and a half of men, and to present to view the greatest, instead of the smallest, armed forces in the world. Here there was supposed to arise a double danger. First, that, on a sudden cessation of the war, military life and habits could not be shaken off, and, having become rudely and widely predominant, would bias the country towards an aggressive policy, or, still worse, would find vent in predatory or revolutionary operations. Secondly, that a military caste would grow up with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and would influence the tone of politics in a direction adverse to republican freedom. But both apprehensions proved to be wholly imaginary. The innumerable soldiery was at once dissolved. Cincinnati, no longer an unique example, became the commonplace of every day, the type and mould of a nation. The whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day. The just jealousy of the State gave life to the now forgotten maxim of Judge Blackstone, who denounced as perilous the erection of a separate profession of arms in a free country. The standing army, expanded by the heat of civil contest to gigantic dimensions, settled down again into the framework of a miniature with the returning temperature of civil life, and became a power well-nigh invisible, from its minuteness, amidst

the powers which sway the movements of a society exceeding forty millions.

16. More remarkable still was the financial sequel to the great conflict. The internal taxation for Federal purposes, which before its commencement had been unknown, was raised, in obedience to an exigency of life and death, so as to exceed every present and every past example. It pursued and worried all the transactions of life. The interest of the American debt grew to be the highest in the world, and the capital touched five hundred and sixty millions sterling. Here was provided for the faith and patience of the people a touchstone of extreme severity. In England, at the close of the great French war, the propertied classes, who were supreme in Parliament, at once rebelled against the Tory Government, and refused to prolong the Income Tax even for a single year. We talked big, both then and now, about the payment of our National Debt; but sixty-three years have since elapsed, all of them except two called years of peace, and we have reduced the huge total by about one-ninth,—that is to say, by little over one hundred millions, or scarcely more than one million and a half a year. This is the conduct of a State elaborately digested into orders and degrees, famed for wisdom and forethought, and consolidated by a long experience. But America continued long to bear, on her unaccustomed and still smarting shoulders, the burden of the war taxation. In twelve years she has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight millions sterling, or at the rate of thirteen millions for every year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years: her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in this country a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the State, which the aristocratic and plutocratic and Monarchical Government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity. And such facts should be told out. It is our fashion so to tell them, against as well as for ourselves; and the record of them may some day be among the means of stirring us up to a policy more worthy of the name and fame of England.

17. It is true, indeed, that we lie under some heavy and, I fear, increasing disadvantages, which amount almost to disabilities. Not, however, any disadvantage respecting power, as power is commonly understood. But, while America has a nearly homogeneous country, and an admirable division of political labor between the States individually and the Federal Government, we are, in public affairs, an overcharged and over-weighted people.\*

We have undertaken the cares of Empire upon a scale and with a diversity unexampled in history; and, as it has not yet pleased Providence to endow us with brain-force and animal strength in an equally abnormal proportion, the consequence is that we perform the work of government, as to many among its more important departments, in a very superficial and slovenly manner. The affairs of the three associated Kingdoms, with their great diversities of law, interest, and circumstance, make the government of them, even if they stood alone, a business more voluminous, so to speak, than that of any other thirty millions of civilized men. To lighten the cares of the central legislature by judicious devolution, it is probable that much might be done; but nothing is done, or even attempted to be done. The greater Colonies have happily attained to a virtual self-government; yet the aggregate mass of business connected with our colonial possessions continues to be very large. The Indian Empire is of itself a charge so vast, and demanding so much thought and care, that, if it were the sole transmarine appendage to the Crown, it would amply tax the best ordinary stock of human energies. Notoriously, it obtains from the Parliament only a small fraction of the attention it deserves. Questions affecting individuals, again, or small interests, or classes, excite here a greater interest, and occupy a larger share of time, than, perhaps, in any other community. In no country, I may add, are the interests of persons or classes so favored when they compete with those of the public; and in none are they more exacting, or more wakeful to turn this advantage to the best account. With the vast extension of our enterprise and our trade, comes a breadth of liability not less large, to consider everything that is critical in the affairs of foreign States; and the real responsibilities, thus existing for us, are unnaturally inflated by fast-

\* [This subject has been more fully developed by me in an article on "England's Mission," contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* for September of the present year.—W. E. G., December, 1878.]

growing tendencies towards exaggeration of our concern in these matters, and even towards setting up fictitious interests in cases where none can discern them except ourselves, and such Continental friends as practise upon our credulity and our fears for purposes of their own. Last of all, it is not to be denied that in what I have been saying I do not represent the public sentiment. The nation is not at all conscious of being overdone. The people see that their House of Commons is the hardest-working legislative assembly in the world; and, this being so, they assume it is all right. Nothing pays better, in point of popularity, than those gratuitous additions to obligations already beyond human strength, which look like accessions or assertion of power, such as the annexation of new territory, or the silly transaction known as the purchase of shares in the Suez Canal.

18. All my life long I have seen this excess of work as compared with the power to do it; but the evil has increased with the surfeit of wealth, and there is no sign that the increase is near its end. The people of this country are a very strong people; but there is no strength that can permanently endure, without provoking inconvenient consequences, this kind of political debauch. It may be hoped, but it cannot be predicted, that the mischief will be encountered and subdued at the point where it will have become sensibly troublesome, but will not have grown to be quite irremediable.

19. The main and central point of interest, however, in the institutions of a country is the manner in which it draws together and compounds the public forces in the balanced action of the State. It seems plain that the formal arrangements for this purpose in America are very different from ours. It may even be a question whether they are not, in certain respects, less popular; whether our institutions do not give more rapid effect than those of the Union to any formed opinion and resolved intention of the nation.

20. In the formation of the Federal Government we seem to perceive three stages of distinct advancement. First, the formation of the Confederation, under the pressure of the War of Independence. Secondly, the Constitution, which placed the Federal Government in defined and direct relation with the people inhabiting the several States. Thirdly, the struggle with the South, which for the first time, and definitely, decided that to the Union, through its Federal organization, and not to the State

governments, were reserved all the questions not decided and disposed of by the express provisions of the Constitution itself.\* The great *arcanum imperii*, which with us belongs to the three branches of the legislature, and which is expressed by the current phrase, "omnipotence of Parliament," thus became the acknowledged property of the three branches of the Federal legislature; and the old and respectable doctrine of State Independence is now no more than an archæological relic, a piece of historical antiquarianism. Yet the actual attributions of the State authorities cover by far the largest part of the province of Government; and by this division of labor and authority the problem of fixing for the nation a political centre of gravity is divested of a large part of its difficulty and danger, in some proportion to the limitations of the working precinct.

21. Within that precinct the initiation as well as the final sanction in the great business of finance is made over to the popular branch of the Legislature, and a most interesting question arises upon the comparative merits of this arrangement and of our own method, which theoretically throws upon the Crown the responsibility of initiating public charge, and under which until a recent period our practice was in actual and even close correspondence with this theory.

22. We next come to a difference still more marked. The Federal Executive is born anew of the nation at the end of each four years, and dies at the end. But, during the course of those years, it is independent, in the person both of the President and of his Ministers, alike of the people, of their representatives, and of that remarkable body, the most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics, the Senate of the United States. In this important matter, whatever be the relative excellences and defects of the British and American systems, it is most certain that nothing would induce the people of this country, or even the Tory portion of them, to exchange our own for theirs. It may, indeed, not be obvious to the foreign eye what is the exact difference of the two. Both the representative chambers hold the power of the purse. But in America its conditions are such that

\* [This is a proposition of great importance in a disputed subject-matter; and consequently I have not announced it in a dogmatic manner, but as a portion of what we "seem to perceive" in the progress of the American Constitution. It expresses an opinion formed by me upon an examination of the original documents, and with some attention to the history, which I have always considered, and have often recommended to others, as one of the most fruitful studies of modern politics. This is not the proper occasion to develop its grounds; but I may say that I am not at all disposed to surrender it in deference to one or two rather contemptuous critics.—W. E. G., December, 1868.]



it does not operate in any way on behalf of the Chamber or of the nation, as against the Executive. In England, on the contrary, its efficiency has been such that it has worked out for itself channels of effective operation, such as to dispense with its direct use, and avoid the inconveniences which might be attendant upon that use. A vote of the House of Commons, declaring a withdrawal of its confidence, has always sufficed for the purpose of displacing a Ministry; nay, persistent obstruction of its measures, and even lighter causes, have conveyed the hint, which has been obediently taken. But the people, how is it with them? Do not the people in England part with their power, and make it over to the House of Commons, as completely as the American people part with it to the President? They give it over for four years, we for a period which on the average is somewhat more; they to resume it at a fixed time, we on an unfixed contingency, and at a time which will finally be determined, not according to the popular will, but according to the views which a Ministry may entertain of its duty or convenience.

23. All this is true; but it is not the whole truth. In the United Kingdom the people as such cannot commonly act upon the Ministry as such. But mediately, though not immediately, they gain the end; for they can work upon that which works upon the Ministry,—namely, on the House of Commons. Firstly, they have not renounced, like the American people, the exercise of their power for a given time; and they are at all times free by speech, petition, public meeting, to endeavor to get it back in full by bringing about a dissolution. Secondly, in a Parliament with nearly 660 members, vacancies occur with tolerable frequency, and, as they are commonly filled up forthwith, they continually modify the color of the Parliament, conformably not to the past, but to the present feeling of the nation; or, at least, of the constituency, which for practical purposes is different indeed, yet not very different. But, besides exercising a limited positive influence on the present, they supply a much less limited indication of the future. Of the members who at a given time sit in the House of Commons, the vast majority, probably more than nine-tenths, have the desire to sit there again, after a dissolution which may come at any moment. They therefore study political weather-wisdom, and in varying degrees adapt themselves to the indications of the sky. It will now be readily perceived how the popular sentiment in England, so far as it is

awake, is not meanly provided with the ways of making itself respected, whether for the purpose of displacing and replacing a Ministry or of constraining it (as sometimes happens) to alter or reverse its policy sufficiently, at least, to conjure down the gathering and muttering storm.

24. It is true, indeed, that every nation is of necessity, to a great extent, in the condition of the sluggard with regard to public policy,—hard to rouse, harder to keep aroused, sure after a little while to sink back into his slumber:—

“Pressitque jacentem,  
Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti.”

*Æn.* vi. 522.

The people have a vast, but an encumbered power; and, in their struggles with overweening authority or with property, the excess of force, which they undoubtedly possess, is more than counterbalanced by the constant wakefulness of the adversary, by his knowledge of their weakness, and by his command of opportunity. But this is a fault lying rather in the conditions of human life than in political institutions. There is no known mode of making attention and inattention equal in their results. It is enough to say that in England, when the nation can attend, it can prevail. So we may say, then, that in the American Union the Federal Executive is independent for each four years both of the Congress and of the people. But the British Ministry is largely dependent on the people, whenever the people firmly will it; and is always dependent on the House of Commons, except of course when it can safely and effectually appeal to the people.

25. So far, so good. But, if we wish really to understand the manner in which the Queen's Government over the British Empire is carried on, we must now prepare to examine into some sharper contrasts than any which our path has yet brought into view. The power of the American Executive resides in the person of the actual President, and passes from him to his successor. His ministers, grouped around him, are the servants, not only of his office, but of his mind. The intelligence which carries on the Government has its main seat in him. The responsibility of failures is understood to fall on him; and it is round his head that success sheds its halo. The American Government is described truly as a Government composed of three members,

of three powers distinct from one another. The English Government is likewise so described, not truly, but conventionally. For in the English Government there has gradually formed itself a fourth power, entering into and sharing the vitality of each of the other three, and charged with the business of holding them in harmony as they march.

26. This Fourth Power is the Ministry, or more properly the Cabinet. For the rest of the Ministry is subordinate and ancillary; and, though it largely shares in many departments the labors of the Cabinet, yet it has only a secondary and derivative share in the higher responsibilities. No account of the present British Constitution is worth having which does not take this Fourth Power largely and carefully into view. And yet it is not a distinct power, made up of elements unknown to the other three; any more than a sphere contains elements other than those referable to the three co-ordinates which determine the position of every point in space. The Fourth Power is parasitical to the three others, and lives upon their life, without any separate existence. One portion of it forms a part, which may be termed an integral part, of the House of Lords, another of the House of Commons; and the two conjointly, nestling within the precinct of Royalty, form the inner Council of the Crown, assuming the whole of its responsibilities, and in consequence wielding, as a rule, its powers. The Cabinet is the threefold hinge that connects together for action the British Constitution of King or Queen, Lords, and Commons. Upon it is concentrated the whole strain of the Government, and it constitutes from day to day the true centre of gravity for the working system of the State, although the ultimate superiority of forces resides in the representative chamber.

27. There is no statute or legal usage of this country which requires that the Ministers of the Crown should hold seats in the one or the other House of Parliament. It is perhaps upon this account that, while most of my countrymen would, as I suppose, declare it to be a becoming and convenient custom, yet comparatively few are aware how near the seat of life the observance lies, how closely it is connected with the equipoise and unity of the social forces. It is rarely departed from, even in an individual case; never, as far as my knowledge goes, on a wider scale. From accidental circumstances it happened that I was a Secretary of State between December, 1845, and July, 1846, without

a seat in the House of Commons. This (which did not pass wholly without challenge) is, I believe, by much the most notable instance for the last fifty years; and it is only within the last fifty years that our Constitutional system has completely settled down. Before the reform of Parliament it was always easy to find a place for a Minister excluded from his seat; as Sir Robert Peel, for example, ejected from Oxford University, at once found refuge and repose at Tamworth. I desire to fix attention on the identification, in this country, of the Minister with the member of a House of Parliament.

28. It is, as to the House of Commons, especially, an inseparable and vital part of our system. The association of the Ministers with the Parliament, and through the House of Commons with the people, is the counterpart of their association as Ministers with the Crown and the prerogative. The decisions that they take are taken under the competing pressure of a bias this way and a bias that way, and strictly represent what is termed in mechanics the composition of forces. Upon them, thus placed, it devolves to provide that the Houses of Parliament shall loyally counsel and serve the Crown, and that the Crown shall act strictly in accordance with its obligations to the nation. I will not presume to say whether the adoption of the rule in America would or would not lay the foundation of a great change in the Federal Constitution; but I am quite sure that the abrogation of it in England would either alter the form of government or bring about a crisis.

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#### GLADSTONE AND THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

In 1870 the time arrived when Mr. Gladstone himself, no longer a minister third in standing in a Palmerston government, was called upon to deal with this great issue as a principal in his own administration. In 1868 the conservative government had agreed to a convention, by which a mixed commission, British and American, sitting in London, should decide upon the settlement of all claims by the subjects of either country upon the other; and in respect of what were known generically as the *Alabama* Claims, proposing to refer these to the arbitration of the head of some friendly state, in case the mixed commission should not agree. The idea of a composite court or tribunal, as distinguished from a single sovereign arbitrator, had not yet risen above the horizon. Before this project ripened, Mr. Disraeli was out of government, Lord Clarendon had taken Lord Stanley's place at the foreign office, and the convention, with some modifications, was signed by him (Jan. 14, 1869), and in due course despatched to Wash-

ington. There the Senate, not on the merits, but for party and personal reasons, refused to ratify. Though this attempt failed, neither of the two English political parties was in a position any longer to refuse arbitration in principle.

Agreement in principle is of little avail, without driving force enough for practice. The driving force was found mainly from a gradual change in English sentiment, though the difficulties with Russia also counted for something. Even so early as 1863 the tide of popular opinion in England had begun slowly to swell in favor of the Northern cause. In 1866 victory across the Atlantic was decided, the Union was saved, and slavery was gone. A desire to remove causes of differences between ourselves and the United States grew at a remarkable speed, for the spectacle of success is wont to have magical effects even in minds that would indignantly reject the standards of Machiavel. While benevolent feeling gained volume in this country, statesmen in America took ground that made the satisfaction of it harder. They began to base their claim for reparation on the original proclamation of British neutrality when the American conflict began. First made in 1866, this new pretension was repeated in despatches of 1867, and in 1869 the American secretary formally recorded the complaint that the Southern insurrection obtained its enduring vitality by resources drawn from England, and as a consequence of England's imperfect discharge of her duties as neutral. England became, they said, the arsenal, the navy-yard, and the treasury of the insurgent confederacy. . . .

All through 1870 a rather troublesome exchange of letters went on between Washington and the foreign office, and Mr. Gladstone took an active concern in it. . . .

The expediency of an accommodation with America strengthened in Mr. Gladstone's mind. One member of the cabinet pointed out to the foreign secretary that, if there was any chance of a war with Russia about the Black Sea, it would be as well to get causes of differences with America out of the way: otherwise, however unprepared the United States might be at the moment, we should undoubtedly have them on our hands sooner or later. With Mr. Gladstone the desire was not a consequence of the possible troubles with Russia. His view was wider and less specific. He was alive to the extent to which England's power in Europe was reduced by the smothered quarrel with America, but he took even higher ground than this in his sense of the blessing to the world of an absolute reconciliation in good faith between the old England and the new. . . .

On Feb. 1, 1871, Mr. Gladstone was able to report to the Queen the arrival of news that the government of the United States were willing to concur in a commission for the discussion of international questions at present depending, without a previous understanding that liability in respect of the *Alabama* was to be acknowledged by this country. . . .

After thirty-seven sittings, spread over a period of two months, the treaty [of Washington] was signed on May 8 [1872]. . . . The treaty began by the declaration that her Britannic Majesty authorized the commissioners to express in a friendly spirit the regret felt by her Majesty's government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by these vessels. . . . Most important of all, whether we look at the immediate purpose or at its contribution to a great though slow-moving cause, the treaty of Washington secured a judgment, by the arbitration of a tribunal, of all claims growing out of acts committed by the cruisers, "and generically known as the *Alabama* Claims." The tribunal was to consist of five members named by Great Britain, the United States, Switzerland, Italy, and Brazil. . . .

What happened at Geneva was this. When the day came, the British agent did not lodge his summary, but asked for an adjournment for eight months, as the two governments did not agree upon the scope of the arbitration. This looked dark enough, and the treaty seemed doomed. It was saved by Mr. Adams, the American nominee on the tribunal. When he reached Geneva and learned how things stood, he decided that the knot which they could not untie must be cut. His golden idea was this: the arbitrators should make a spontaneous declaration that on the principles of international law the indirect claims ought to be excluded from their consideration. Adams saw his colleagues one by one, and brought them round to his view. The English chief justice had made up his mind that the whole thing was dead, as he had for many months been loudly telling all London that it ought to be. But, when asked by Mr. Adams whether the spontaneous extra-judicial declaration would remove all obstacles to progress, Cockburn answered that he thought it would. "I said," Mr. Adams continued, "that in that event I was prepared to make a proposition. I should be assuming a heavy responsibility; but I should do so, not as an arbitrator representing my country, but as representing all nations." So the indirect claims were summarily ruled out, and the arbitration proceeded. In some notes prepared for the cabinet on all these proceedings (Feb. 4, 1873), Lord Tenterden, the clever and experienced British agent at Geneva, writes, "I cannot conclude this part of the memorandum without saying that the dignity, tact, self-command, and moderation with which Mr. Adams discharged his functions as arbitrator did honor to his country."

In September (1872) the five arbitrators at Geneva gave their award. They were unanimous in finding Great Britain liable for the acts of the *Alabama*; all save the British representative found her liable for the *Florida*; the Italian, the Swiss, and the American against the Englishman and the Brazilian found her liable for the *Shenandoah* after

leaving Melbourne. They awarded in satisfaction and final settlement of all claims, including interest, a gross sum of about three and a quarter million pounds sterling. The award, though hardly a surprise, still inflicted a lively twinge of mortification on the masterful and confident people of this island. Opinion was divided, but the decision was not one of those that cut deep or raise the public temperature to fever. The prints of the opposition insisted that the result was profoundly vexatious, it was a bungled settlement, and the arguments used in favor of it were "wild sentimental rubbish." On the other hand, the *Times* regarded it with profound satisfaction, and ministerial writers with a lyric turn hailed it as a magnificent victory, though we had to pay a heavy bill. A little balm was extracted from the fact that the Americans had preferred before the tribunal a demand of nine millions and a half, and thus got little more than one-third of what they had asked. So ended what has been called the greatest of all arbitrations, extinguishing the embers that could not have been left to smoulder without constant peril of a vast and fratricidal conflagration. The treaty of Washington and the Geneva arbitration stand out as the most notable victory in the nineteenth century of the noble art of preventive diplomacy, and the most signal exhibition in their history of self-command in two of the three chief democratic powers of the western world. For the moment the result did something to impair the popularity of Mr. Gladstone's government, but his association with this high act of national policy is one of the things that give its brightest lustre to his fame.—*John Morley's Life of Gladstone.*

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Gladstone's "Kin beyond Sea," containing his most important study of the political institutions of the United States, was first published in the *North American Review* for September, 1878. It was republished in his "Gleanings of Past Years." The present leaflet gives the first half of the paper, the portion relating to the United States: the latter portion is a discussion of the English political system, by way of comparison, and the political student should read the entire essay. The extract from Morley's *Life of Gladstone* relating to the "Alabama" claims is here given as illustrating Mr. Gladstone's attitude in his most important dealing with the United States as prime minister. The entire section in Morley should be read (vol. ii., chap. xi.). Said Gladstone in the House of Commons, June 15, 1880, "Although I may think the sentence was harsh in its extent and unjust in its basis, I regard the fine imposed on this country as dust in the balance compared with the moral value of the example set when these two great nations of England and America—which are the most fiery and the most jealous in the world with regard to anything that touches national honor—went in peace and concord before a judicial tribunal rather than resort to the arbitrament of the sword."

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# The Centennial of Independence.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

FROM HIS FOURTH OF JULY ORATION, BOSTON, 1876.

Go with me to Philadelphia, as she was just a hundred years ago. Enter with me her noble Independence Hall, so happily restored and consecrated afresh as the Runnymede of our Nation; and, as we enter it, let us not forget to be grateful that no demands of public convenience or expediency have called for the demolition of that old State House of Pennsylvania. Observe and watch the movements, listen attentively to the words, look steadfastly at the countenances, of the men who compose the little Congress assembled there. Braver, wiser, nobler men have never been gathered and grouped under a single roof, before or since, in any age, on any soil beneath the sun. What are they doing? What are they daring? Who are they, thus to do, and thus to dare?

Single out with me, as you easily will at the first glance, by a presence and a stature not easily overlooked or mistaken, the young, ardent, accomplished Jefferson. He is only just thirty-three years of age. Charming in conversation, ready and full in counsel, he is "slow of tongue," like the great Lawgiver of the Israelites, for any public discussion or formal discourse. But he has brought with him the reputation of wielding what John Adams well called "a masterly pen." And grandly has he justified that reputation. Grandly has he employed that pen already, in drafting a Paper which is at this moment lying on the table, and awaiting its final signature and sanction.



Three weeks before, indeed,—on the previous 7th of June,—his own noble colleague, Richard Henry Lee, had moved the Resolution, whose adoption, on the 2d of July, had virtually settled the whole question. Nothing, certainly, more explicit or emphatic could have been wanted for that Congress itself than that Resolution, setting forth as it did, in language of striking simplicity and brevity and dignity, “That these United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.”

That Resolution was, indeed, not only comprehensive and conclusive enough for the Congress which adopted it, but, I need not say, it is comprehensive and conclusive enough for us; and I heartily wish, that, in the century to come, its reading might be substituted for that of the longer Declaration which has put the patience of our audiences to so severe a test for so many years past,—though, happily, not to-day.

But the form in which that Resolution was to be announced and proclaimed to the people of the Colonies, and the reasons by which it was to be justified before the world, were at that time of intense interest and of momentous importance. No graver responsibility was ever devolved upon a young man of thirty-three, if, indeed, upon any man of any age, than that of preparing such a Paper. As often as I have examined the original draft of that Paper, still extant in the Archives of the State Department at Washington, and have observed how very few changes were made, or even suggested, by the illustrious men associated with its author on the committee for its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvellous a composition, of its kind and for its purpose, as the annals of mankind can show. The earliest honors of this day, certainly, may well be paid, here and throughout the country, to the young Virginian of “the masterly pen.”

And here, by the favor of a highly valued friend and fellow-citizen, to whom it was given by Jefferson himself a few months only before his death, I am privileged to hold in my hands, and to lift up to the eager gaze of you all, a most compact and convenient little mahogany case, which bears this autograph inscription on its face, dated “Monticello, November 18, 1825:”—

“Thomas Jefferson gives this Writing Desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jun<sup>r</sup>. as a memorial of his affection. It was made from

a drawing of his own, by Ben Randall, Cabinet-maker of Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that City in May, 1776, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence."

"Politics, as well as Religion," the inscription proceeds to say, "has its superstitions. These, gaining strength with time, may, one day, give imaginary value to this relic, for its association with the birth of the Great Charter of our Independence."

Superstitions! Imaginary value! Not for an instant can we admit such ideas. The modesty of the writer has betrayed even "the masterly pen." There is no imaginary value to this relic, and no superstition is required to render it as precious and priceless a piece of wood, as the secular cabinets of the world have ever possessed, or ever claimed to possess. No cabinet-maker on earth will have a more enduring name than this inscription has secured to "Ben Randall, of Philadelphia." No pen will have a wider or more lasting fame than his who wrote the inscription. The very table at Runnymede, which some of us have seen, on which the Magna Charta of England is said to have been signed or sealed five centuries and a half before,—even were it authenticated by the genuine autographs of every one of those brave old Barons, with Stephen Langton at their head,—who extorted its grand pledges and promises from King John,—so soon to be violated,—could hardly exceed, could hardly equal, in interest and value, this little mahogany desk. What momentous issues for our country, and for mankind, were locked up in this narrow drawer, as night after night the rough notes of preparation for the Great Paper were laid aside for the revision of the morning! To what anxious thoughts, to what careful study of words and phrases, to what cautious weighing of statements and arguments, to what deep and almost overwhelming impressions of responsibility, it must have been a witness! Long may it find its appropriate and appreciating ownership in the successive generations of a family, in which the blood of Virginia and Massachusetts is so auspiciously commingled! Should it, in the lapse of years, ever pass from the hands of those to whom it will be so precious an heirloom, it could only have its fit and final place among the choicest and most cherished treasures of the Nation, with whose Title Deeds of Independence it is so proudly associated!

But the young Jefferson is not alone from Virginia, on the day we are celebrating, in the Hall which we have entered as imagin-

ary spectators of the scene. His venerated friend and old legal preceptor,—George Wythe,—is, indeed, temporarily absent from his side; and even Richard Henry Lee, the original mover of the measure, and upon whom it might have devolved to draw up the Declaration, has been called home by dangerous illness in his family, and is not there to help him. But “the gay, good-humored” Francis Lightfoot Lee, a younger brother, is there. Benjamin Harrison, the father of our late President Harrison, is there, and has just reported the Declaration from the Committee of the Whole, of which he was Chairman. The “mild and philanthropic” Carter Braxton is there, in the place of the lamented Peyton Randolph, the first President of the Continental Congress, who had died, to the sorrow of the whole country, six or seven months before. And the noble-hearted Thomas Nelson is there,—the largest subscriber to the generous relief sent from Virginia to Boston during the sore distress occasioned by the shutting up of our Port, and who was the mover of those Instructions in the Convention of Virginia, passed on the 15th of May, under which Richard Henry Lee offered the original Resolution of Independence, on the 7th of June.

I am particular, Fellow Citizens, in giving to the Old Dominion the foremost place in this rapid survey of the Fourth of July, 1776, and in naming every one of her delegates who participated in that day’s doings; for it is hardly too much to say, that the destinies of our country, at that period, hung and hinged upon her action, and upon the action of her great and glorious sons. Without Virginia, as we must all acknowledge,—without her Patrick Henry among the people, her Lees and Jefferson in the forum, and her Washington in the field,—I will not say, that the cause of American Liberty and American Independence must have been ultimately defeated,—no, no; there was no ultimate defeat for that cause in the decrees of the Most High!—but it must have been delayed, postponed, perplexed, and to many eyes and many hearts rendered seemingly hopeless. It was Union which assured our Independence, and there could have been no Union without the influence and co-operation of that great leading Southern Colony. To-day, then, as we look back over the wide gulf of a century, we are ready and glad to forget everything of alienation, everything of contention and estrangement which has intervened, and to hail her once more, as our Fathers in Faneuil Hall hailed her, in 1775, as “our noble, patriotic sister Colony, Virginia.”

I may not attempt, on this occasion, to speak with equal particularity of all the other delegates whom we see assembled in that immortal Congress. Their names are all inscribed where they can never be obliterated, never be forgotten. Yet some others of them so challenge our attention and rivet our gaze, as we look in upon that old time-honored Hall, that I cannot pass to other topics without a brief allusion to them.

Who can overlook or mistake the sturdy front of Roger Sherman, whom we are proud to recall as a native of Massachusetts, though now a delegate from Connecticut,—that “Old Puritan,” as John Adams well said, “as honest as an angel, and as firm in the cause of American Independence as Mount Atlas,”—represented most worthily to-day by the distinguished Orator of the Centennial at Philadelphia, as well as by more than one distinguished grandson in our own State?

Who can overlook or mistake the stalwart figure of Samuel Chase, of Maryland, “of ardent passions, of strong mind, of domineering temper, of a turbulent and boisterous life,” who had helped to burn in effigy the Maryland Stamp Distributor eleven years before, and who, we are told by one who knew what he was saying, “must ever be conspicuous in the catalogue of that Congress”?

His milder and more amiable colleague, Charles Carroll, was engaged at that moment in pressing the cause of Independence on the hesitating Convention of Maryland, at Annapolis; and though, as we shall see, he signed the Declaration on the 2d of August, and outlived all his compeers on that roll of glory, he is missing from the illustrious band as we look in upon them this morning. I cannot but remember that it was my privilege to see and know that venerable person in my early manhood. Entering his drawing-room, nearly five-and-forty years ago, I found him reposing on a sofa and covered with a shawl, and was not even aware of his presence, so shrunk and shrivelled by the lapse of years was his originally feeble frame. *Quot libras in duce summo!* But the little heap on the sofa was soon seen stirring, and, rousing himself from his midday nap, he rose and greeted me with a courtesy and a grace which I can never forget. In the ninety-fifth year of his age, as he was, and within a few months of his death, it is not surprising that there should be little for me to recall of that interview, save his eager inquiries about James Madison, whom I had just visited at Montpelier, and his affectionate allusions to John Adams, who had gone

before him; and save, too, the exceeding satisfaction for myself of having seen and pressed the hand of the last surviving signer of the Declaration.

But Cæsar Rodney, who had gone home on the same patriotic errand which had called Carroll to Maryland, had happily returned in season, and had come in, two days before, "in his boots and spurs," to give the casting vote for Delaware in favor of Independence.

And there is Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, the bosom friend of our own Hancock, and who is associated with him under the same roof in those elegant hospitalities which helped to make men know and understand and trust each other. And with him you may see and almost hear the eloquent Edward Rutledge, who not long before had united with John Adams and Richard Henry Lee in urging on the several Colonies the great measure of establishing permanent governments at once for themselves,—a decisive step which we may not forget that South Carolina was among the very earliest in taking. She took it, however, with a reservation, and her delegates were not quite ready to vote for Independence, when it first was proposed.

But Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, must not be unmarked or unmentioned in our rapid survey, more especially as it is matter of record that his original doubts about the measure, which he is now bravely supporting, had been dissipated and dispelled "by the irresistible and conclusive arguments of John Adams."

And who requires to be reminded that our "Great Bostonian," Benjamin Franklin, is at his post to-day, representing his adopted Colony with less support than he could wish,—for Pennsylvania, as well as New York, was sadly divided, and at times almost paralyzed by her divisions,—but with patriotism and firmness and prudence and sagacity and philosophy and wit and common-sense and courage enough to constitute a whole delegation, and to represent a whole Colony, by himself! He is the last man of that whole glorious group of Fifty,—or it may have been one or two more, or one or two less, than fifty,—who requires to be pointed out, in order to be the observed of all observers.

But I must not stop here. It is fit, above all other things, that, while we do justice to the great actors in this scene from other Colonies, we should not overlook the delegates from our own Colony. It is fit, above all things, that we should recall something more than the names of the men who represented

Massachusetts in that great Assembly, and who boldly affixed their signatures, in her behalf, to that immortal Instrument.

Was there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man, than that which was won and worn by John Hancock a hundred years ago to-day? Not altogether a great man; not without some grave defects of character;—we remember nothing at this hour save his Presidency of the Congress of the Declaration, and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta. Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place,—the very same chair in which Washington was to sit, eleven years later, as President of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair, emblazoned on the back of which Franklin was to descry “a rising, and not a setting sun,” when that Constitution had been finally adopted,—behold him, the young Boston merchant, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his own head, sitting there to-day in all the calm composure and dignity which so peculiarly characterized him, and which nothing seemed able to relax or ruffle. He had chanced to come on to the Congress during the previous year, just as Peyton Randolph had been compelled to relinquish his seat and go home,—returning only to die; and, having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him, and with the ready good humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms, and placed him in the presidential chair; then, turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed: “We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation.”

Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The Declaration is adopted. It is already late in the evening, and all formal promulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days, the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the Old Bell in the cupola over his head, proclaiming Liberty to all mankind, and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes. Meantime, for him, however, a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The Paper is before him. You may see the very table on which it was laid, and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now. He dips his pen, and with an untrembling

hand proceeds to execute a signature, which would seem to have been studied in the schools, and practised in the counting-room, and shaped and modelled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood, until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable, "as if it were written 'between Orion and the Pleiades.'"

Under that signature, with only the attestation of a secretary, the Declaration goes forth to the American people, to be printed in their journals, to be proclaimed in their streets, to be published from their pulpits, to be read at the head of their armies, to be incorporated forever into their history. The British forces, driven away from Boston, are now landing on Staten Island, and the reverses of Long Island are just awaiting us. They were met by the promulgation of this act of offence and defiance to all royal authority. But there was no individual responsibility for that act, save in the signature of John Hancock, President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary. Not until the 2d of August was our young Boston merchant relieved from the perilous, the appalling grandeur of standing sole sponsor for the revolt of Thirteen Colonies and Three Millions of people. Sixteen, or seventeen years before, as a very young man, he had made a visit to London, and was present at the burial of George II., and at the coronation of George III. He is now not only the witness but the instrument, and in some sort the impersonation, of a far more substantial change of dynasty on his own soil, the burial of royalty under any and every title, and the coronation of a Sovereign, whose sceptre has already endured for a century, and whose sway has already embraced three times thirteen States, and more than thirteen times three millions of people.

Ah, if this quaint, picturesque, charming old mansion-house, so long the gem of Beacon Street, could have stood till this day, our Centennial decorations and illuminations might haply have so marked, and sanctified, and glorified it, that the rage of reconstruction would have passed over it still longer, and spared it for the reverent gaze of other generations. But his own name and fame are secure; and, whatever may have been the foibles or faults of his later years, to-day we will remember that momentous and matchless signature, and him who made it, with nothing but respect, admiration, and gratitude.

But Hancock, as I need not remind you, was not the only

proscribed patriot who represented Massachusetts at Philadelphia on the day we are commemorating. His associate in General Gage's memorable exception from pardon is close at his side. He who, as a Harvard College student, in 1743, had maintained the affirmative of the Thesis, "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved," and who during those whole three-and-thirty years since had been training up himself and training up his fellow countrymen in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and of Liberty;—he who had replied to Gage's recommendation to him to make his peace with the King, "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings, and no personal considerations shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country;"—he who had drawn up the Boston Instructions to her Representatives in the General Court, adopted at Faneuil Hall, on the 24th of May, 1764,—the earliest protest against the Stamp Act, and one of the grandest papers of our whole Revolutionary period;—he who had instituted and organized those Committees of Correspondence, without which we could have had no united counsels, no concerted action, no union, no success;—he who, after the massacre of March 5, 1770, had demanded so heroically the removal from Boston of the British regiments, ever afterwards known as "Sam. Adams's regiments,"—telling the Governor to his face, with an emphasis and an eloquence which were hardly ever exceeded since Demosthenes stood on the Bema, or Paul on Mars Hill, "If the Lieutenant-governor, or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two; and nothing short of the total evacuation of the Town, by all the regular troops, will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the Province;"—he, "the Palinurus of the American Revolution," as Jefferson once called him, but—thank Heaven!—a Palinurus who was never put to sleep at the helm, never thrown into the sea, but who is still watching the compass and the stars, and steering the ship as she enters at last the haven he has so long yearned for:—the veteran Samuel Adams,—the disinterested, inflexible, incorruptible statesman,—is second to no one in that whole Congress, hardly second to any one in the whole thirteen Colonies, in his claim to the honors and grateful acknowledgments of this hour. We have just gladly hailed his statue on its way to the capitol.

Nor must the name of Robert Treat Paine be forgotten among



the five delegates of Massachusetts in that Hall of Independence, a hundred years ago to-day;—an able lawyer, a learned judge, a just man; connected by marriage, if I mistake not, Mr. Mayor, with your own gallant grandfather, General Cobb, and who himself inherited the blood and illustrated the virtues of the hero and statesman whose name he bore,—Robert Treat, a most distinguished officer in King Philip's War, and afterwards a worthy Governor of Connecticut.

And with him, too, is Elbridge Gerry, the very youngest member of the whole Continental Congress, just thirty-two years of age,—who had been one of the chosen friends of our proto-martyr, General Joseph Warren; who was with Warren, at Watertown, the very last night before he fell at Bunker Hill, and into whose ear that heroic volunteer had whispered those memorable words of presentiment, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*;" who lived himself to serve his Commonwealth and the Nation, ardently and efficiently, at home and abroad, ever in accordance with his own patriotic injunction,—"*It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the service of his country*,"—and died on his way to his post as Vice-president of the United States.

One more name is still to be pronounced. One more star of that little Massachusetts cluster is still to be observed and noted. And it is one, which, on the precise occasion we commemorate,—one, which during those great days of June and July, 1776, on which the question of Independence was immediately discussed and decided,—had hardly "*a fellow in the firmament*," and which was certainly "*the bright, particular star*" of our own constellation. You will all have anticipated me in naming John Adams. Beyond all doubt, his is the Massachusetts name most prominently associated with the immediate Day we celebrate.

Others may have been earlier or more active than he in preparing the way. Others may have labored longer and more zealously to instruct the popular mind and inflame the popular heart for the great step which was now to be taken. Others may have been more ardent, as they unquestionably were more prominent, in the various stages of the struggle against Writs of Assistance, and Stamp Acts, and Tea Taxes. But from the date of that marvellous letter of his to Nathan Webb, in 1755, when he was less than twenty years old, he seems to have forecast the destinies of this continent as few other men of any

age, at that day, had done; while from the moment at which the Continental Congress took the question of Independence fairly in hand, as a question to be decided and acted on, until they had brought it to its final issue in the Declaration, his was the voice, above and before all other voices, which commanded the ears, convinced the minds, and inspired the hearts of his colleagues, and triumphantly secured the result.

I need not speak of him in other relations or in after years. His long life of varied and noble service to his country, in almost every sphere of public duty, domestic and foreign, belongs to history; and history has long ago taken it in charge. But the testimony which was borne to his grand efforts and utterances, by the author of the Declaration himself, can never be gainsaid, never be weakened, never be forgotten. That testimony, old as it is, familiar as it is, belongs to this day. John Adams will be remembered and honored forever, in every true American heart, as the acknowledged Champion of Independence in the Continental Congress,—“coming out with a power which moved us from our seats,”—“our Colossus on the floor.”

And when we recall the circumstances of his death,—the year, the day, the hour,—and the last words upon his dying lips, “Independence for ever,”—who can help feeling that there was some mysterious tie holding back his heroic spirit from the skies, until it should be set free amid the exulting shouts of his country’s first National Jubilee!

But not his heroic spirit alone!

In this rapid survey of the men assembled at Philadelphia a hundred years ago to-day, I began with Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, and I end with John Adams, of Massachusetts; and no one can hesitate to admit that, under God, they were the very alpha and omega of that day’s doings,—the pen and the tongue,—the masterly author, and the no less masterly advocate, of the Declaration.

And now, my friends, what legend of ancient Rome or Greece or Egypt, what myth of prehistoric mythology, what story of Herodotus, or fable of Æsop, or metamorphosis of Ovid, would have seemed more fabulous and mythical,—did it rest on any remote or doubtful tradition, and had not so many of us lived to be startled and thrilled and awed by it,—than the fact, that these two men, under so many different circumstances and surroundings, of age and constitution and climate, widely distant from each other, living alike in quiet neighborhoods, remote

from the smoke and stir of cities, and long before railroads or telegraphs had made any advances towards the annihilation or abridgment of space, should have been released to their rest and summoned to the skies, not only on the same day, but that day the Fourth of July, and that Fourth of July the Fiftieth Anniversary of that great Declaration which they had contended for and carried through so triumphantly side by side!

What an added emphasis Jefferson would have given to his inscription on this little desk,—“Politics, as well as Religion, has its superstitions,”—could he have foreseen the close even of his own life, much more the simultaneous close of these two lives, on that day of days! Oh, let me not admit the idea of superstition! Let me rather reverently say, as Webster said at the time, in that magnificent Eulogy which left so little for any one else to say as to the lives or deaths of Adams and Jefferson: “As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognize in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care?”

And now another Fifty Years have passed away, and we are holding our high Centennial Festival; and still that most striking, most impressive, most memorable coincidence in all American history, or even in the authentic records of mankind, is without a visible monument anywhere!

In the interesting little city of Weimar, renowned as the resort and residence of more than one of the greatest philosophers and poets of Germany, many a traveller must have seen and admired the charming statues of Goethe and Schiller, standing side by side and hand in hand, on the single pedestal, and offering as it were, the laurel wreath of literary priority or pre-eminence to each other. Few nobler works of art, in conception or execution, can be found on the Continent of Europe. And what could be a worthier or juster commemoration of the marvellous coincidence of which I have just spoken, and of the men who were the subjects of it, and of the Declaration with which, alike in their lives and in their deaths, they are so peculiarly and so signally associated, than just such a Monument, with the statues of Adams and Jefferson, side by side and hand in hand, upon the same base, pressing upon each other, in mutual acknowledgment and deference, the victor palm of a triumph for which they must ever be held in common and equal honor! It would be a new tie between Massachusetts and Virginia. It would be a

new bond of that Union which is the safety and the glory of both. It would be a new pledge of that restored good will between the North and South, which is the herald and harbinger of a Second Century of National Independence. It would be a fit recognition of the great Hand of God in our history!

At all events, it is one of the crying omissions and neglects which reproach us all this day, that "glorious old John Adams" is without any proportionate public monument in the State of which he was one of the very grandest citizens and sons, and in whose behalf he rendered such inestimable services to his country. It is almost ludicrous to look around and see who has been commemorated, and he neglected! He might be seen standing alone, as he knew so well how to stand alone in life. He might be seen grouped with his illustrious son, only second to himself in his claims on the omitted posthumous honors of his native State. Or, if the claim of noble women to such commemorations were ever to be recognized on our soil, he might be lovingly grouped with that incomparable wife, from whom he was so often separated by public duties and personal dangers, and whose familiar correspondence with him, and his with her, furnishes a picture of fidelity and affection, and of patriotic zeal and courage and self-sacrifice, almost without a parallel in our Revolutionary Annals.

But before all other statues, let us have those of Adams and Jefferson on a single block, as they stood together just a hundred years ago to-day,—as they were translated together just fifty years ago to-day:—foremost for Independence in their lives, and in their deaths not divided! Next, certainly, to the completion of the National Monument to Washington, at the Capital, this double statue of this "double star" of the Declaration calls for the contributions of a patriotic people. It would have something of special appropriateness as the first gift to that Boston Park, which is to date from this Centennial Period.

I have felt, Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens, as I am sure you all must feel, that the men who were gathered at Philadelphia a hundred years ago to-day, familiar as their names and their story may be, to ourselves and to all the world, had an imperative claim to the first and highest honors of this Centennial Anniversary. But, having paid these passing tributes to their memory, I hasten to turn to considerations less purely personal.

The Declaration has been adopted, and has been sent forth

in a hundred journals, and on a thousand broadsides, to every camp and council chamber, to every town and village and hamlet and fireside, throughout the Colonies. What was it? What did it declare? What was its rightful interpretation and intention? Under what circumstances was it adopted? What did it accomplish for ourselves and for mankind?

A recent and powerful writer on "The Growth of the English Constitution," whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Commencement of Old Cambridge University two years ago, says most strikingly and most justly: "There are certain great political documents, each of which forms a landmark in our political history. There is the Great Charter, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights." "But not one of them," he adds, "gave itself out as the enactment of anything new. All claimed to set forth, with new strength, it might be, and with new clearness, those rights of Englishmen, which were already old." The same remark has more recently been incorporated into "A Short History of the English People." "In itself," says the writer of that admirable little volume, "the Charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new Constitutional principles. The Charter of Henry I. formed the basis of the whole; and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry II."

So substantially,—so, almost precisely,—it may be said of the Great American Charter, which was drawn up by Thomas Jefferson on the precious little desk which lies before me. It made no pretensions to novelty. The men of 1776 were not in any sense, certainly not in any seditious sense, greedy of novelties,—"*avidi novarum rerum*." They had claimed nothing new. They desired nothing new. Their old original rights as Englishmen were all that they sought to enjoy, and those they resolved to vindicate. It was the invasion and denial of those old rights of Englishmen, which they resisted and revolted from.

As our excellent fellow-citizen, Mr. Dana, so well said publicly at Lexington, last year,—and as we should all have been glad to have him in the way of repeating quietly in London, this year,—“We were not the Revolutionists. The King and Parliament were the Revolutionists. They were the radical innovators. We were the conservators of existing institutions.”

No one has forgotten, or can ever forget, how early and how emphatically all this was admitted by some of the grandest statesmen and orators of England herself. It was the attempt to

subvert our rights as Englishmen, which roused Chatham to some of his most majestic efforts. It was the attempt to subvert our rights as Englishmen, which kindled Burke to not a few of his most brilliant utterances. It was the attempt to subvert our rights as Englishmen, which inspired Barré and Conway and Camden with appeals and arguments and phrases which will keep their memories fresh when all else associated with them is forgotten. The names of all three of them, as you well know, have long been the cherished designations of American towns.

They all perceived and understood that we were contending for English rights, and against the violation of the great principles of English liberty. Nay, not a few of them perceived and understood that we were fighting their battles as well as our own, and that the liberties of Englishmen upon their own soil were virtually involved in our cause and in our contest.

There is a most notable letter of Josiah Quincy, Jr.'s, written from London at the end of 1774,—a few months only before that young patriot returned to die so sadly within sight of his native shores,—in which he tells his wife, to whom he was not likely to write for any mere sensational effect, that “some of the first characters for understanding, integrity, and spirit,” whom he had met in London, had used language of this sort: “This Nation is lost. Corruption and the influence of the Crown have led us into bondage, and a Standing Army has riveted our chains. To America only can we look for salvation. ’Tis America only can save England. Unite and persevere. You must prevail—you must triumph.” Quincy was careful not to betray names, in a letter which might be intercepted before it reached its destination. But we know the men with whom he had been brought into association by Franklin and other friends,—men like Shelburne and Hartley and Pownall and Priestley and Brand Hollis and Sir George Saville, to say nothing of Burke and Chatham. The language was not lost upon us. We did unite and persevere. We did prevail and triumph. And it is hardly too much to say that we did “save England.” We saved her from herself;—saved her from being the successful instrument of overthrowing the rights of Englishmen;—saved her “from the poisoned chalice which would have been commended to her own lips;”—saved her from “the bloody instructions which would have returned to plague the inventor.” Not only was it true, as Lord Macaulay said in one of his brilliant Essays, that “England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes,

so absolutely mistress of the seas, as since the alienation of her American Colonies," but it is not less true that England came out of that contest with new and larger views of Liberty; with a broader and deeper sense of what was due to human rights; and with an experience of incalculable value to her in the management of the vast Colonial System which remained, or was in store, for her.

A vast and gigantic Colonial System, beyond doubt, it has proved to be! She was just entering, a hundred years ago, on that wonderful career of conquest in the East, which was to compensate her,—if it were a compensation,—for her impending losses in the West. Her gallant Cornwallis was soon to receive the jewelled sword of Tippoo Saib at Bangalore, in exchange for that which he was now destined to surrender to Washington at Yorktown. It is certainly not among the least striking coincidences of our Centennial Year, that at the very moment when we are celebrating the event which stripped Great Britain of thirteen Colonies and three millions of subjects,—now grown into thirty-eight States and more than forty millions of people,—she is welcoming the return of her amiable and genial Prince from a royal progress through the wide-spread regions of "Ormus and of Ind," bringing back, to lay at the foot of the British throne, the homage of nine principal Provinces and a hundred and forty-eight feudatory States, and of not less than two hundred and forty millions of people, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, and affording ample justification for the Queen's new title of Empress of India. Among all the parallelisms of modern history, there are few more striking and impressive than this.

The American Colonies never quarrelled or cavilled about the titles of their Sovereign. If, as has been said, "they went to war about a preamble," it was not about the preamble of the royal name. It was the Imperial power, the more than Imperial pretensions and usurpations, which drove them to rebellion. The Declaration was, in its own terms, a personal and most stringent arraignment of the King. It could have been nothing else. George III. was to us the sole responsible instrument of oppression. Parliament had, indeed, sustained him; but the Colonies had never admitted the authority of a Parliament in which they had no representation. There is no passage in Mr. Jefferson's paper more carefully or more felicitously worded, than that in which he says of the Sovereign, that "he has combined *with others* to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our

constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws,—giving his assent to *their acts of pretended legislation.*” A slip of “the masterly pen” on this point might have cost us our consistency; but that pen was on its guard, and this is the only allusion to Lords or Commons. We could recognize no one but the Monarch. We could contend with nothing less than Royalty. We could separate ourselves only from the Crown. English precedents had abundantly taught us that kings were not beyond the reach of arraignment and indictment; and arraignment and indictment were then our only means of justifying our cause to ourselves and to the world. Yes; harsh, severe, stinging, scolding,—I had almost said,—as that long series of allegations and accusations may sound, and certainly does sound, as we read it or listen to it, in cold blood, a century after the issues are all happily settled, it was a temperate and a dignified utterance under the circumstances of the case, and breathed quite enough of moderation to be relished or accepted by those who were bearing the brunt of so terrible a struggle for life and liberty and all that was dear to them, as that which those issues involved. Nor in all that bitter indictment is there a single count which does not refer to, and rest upon, some violation of the rights of Englishmen, or some violation of the rights of humanity. We stand by the Declaration to-day, and always, and disavow nothing of its reasoning or its rhetoric.

And, after all, Jefferson was not a whit more severe on the King than Chatham had been on the King’s Ministers six months before, when he told them to their faces: “The whole of your political conduct has been one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence, blundering, and the most notorious servility, incapacity, and corruption.” Nor was William Pitt, the younger, much more measured in his language, at a later period of our struggle, when he declared: “These Ministers will destroy the empire they were called upon to save, before the indignation of a great and suffering people can fall upon their heads in the punishment which they deserve. I affirm the war to have been a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war.”

I need not say, Fellow Citizens, that we are here to indulge in no reproaches upon Old England to-day, as we look back from the lofty height of a Century of Independence on the course of events which severed us from her dominions. We are by no



means in the mood to re-open the adjudications of Ghent or of Geneva; nor can we allow the ties of old traditions to be seriously jarred, on such an occasion as this, by any recent failures of *extraditions*, however vexatious or provoking. But, certainly, resentments on either side, for anything said or done during our Revolutionary period,—after such a lapse of time,—would dishonor the hearts which cherished them, and the tongues which uttered them. Who wonders that George the Third would not let such Colonies as ours go without a struggle? They were the brightest jewels of his crown. Who wonders that he shrunk from the responsibility of such a dismemberment of his empire, and that his brain reeled at the very thought of it? It would have been a poor compliment to us, had he not considered us worth holding at any and every cost. We should hardly have forgiven him, had he not desired to retain us. Nor can we altogether wonder, that with the views of kingly prerogative which belonged to that period, and in which he was educated, he should have preferred the policy of coercion to that of conciliation, and should have insisted on sending over troops to subdue us.

Our old Mother Country has had, indeed, a peculiar destiny, and in many respects a glorious one. Not alone with her drum-beat, as Webster so grandly said, has she encircled the earth. Not alone with her martial airs has she kept company with the hours. She has carried civilization and Christianity wherever she has carried her flag. She has carried her noble tongue, with all its incomparable treasures of literature and science and religion, around the globe; and, with our aid,—for she will confess that we are doing our full part in this line of extension,—it is fast becoming the most pervading speech of civilized man. We thank God at this hour, and at every hour, that “*Chatham’s language is our mother tongue*,” and that we have an inherited and an indisputable share in the glory of so many of the great names by which that language has been illustrated and adorned.

But she has done more than all this. She has planted the great institutions and principles of civil freedom in every latitude where she could find a foot-hold. From her, our Revolutionary Fathers learned to understand and value them, and from her they inherited the spirit to defend them. Not in vain had her brave barons extorted Magna Charta from King John. Not in vain had her Simon de Montfort summoned the knights and

burgesses, and laid the foundations of a Parliament and a House of Commons. Not in vain had her noble Sir John Eliot died, as the martyr of free speech, in the Tower. Not in vain had her heroic Hampden resisted ship-money, and died on the battlefield. Not in vain for us, certainly, the great examples and the great warnings of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, or those sadder ones of Sidney and Russell, or that later and more glorious one still of William of Orange.

The grand lessons of her own history, forgotten, overlooked, or resolutely disregarded, it may be, on her own side of the Atlantic, in the days we are commemorating, were the very inspiration of her Colonies on this side; and under that inspiration they contended and conquered. And though she may sometimes be almost tempted to take sadly upon her lips the words of the old prophet,—“I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me,”—she has long ago learned that such a rebellion as ours was really in her own interest, and for her own ultimate welfare; begun, continued, and ended, as it was, in vindication of the liberties of Englishmen.

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Robert C. Winthrop, a direct descendant of the great Massachusetts governor, was born in Boston in 1809, and died in Boston in 1894. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1828, and studied law in the office of Daniel Webster, whose influence upon him throughout his political life was profound. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from 1834 until 1840, for a portion of the time serving as Speaker. From 1840 until 1850 he was almost continuously in Congress, in 1847-49 serving as Speaker of the House. He was appointed to the seat in the Senate left vacant by Webster's resignation in 1850, but was defeated in the regular election the next year by Charles Sumner. "His legislative career was marked by strong conservatism throughout. He was an opponent of slavery, of the Mexican War, and of the Fugitive Slave Law, but followed Webster in his desire for compromise and in his support of the Fillmore administration. On the break-up of the Whig party, he refused to ally himself with the Republican party, and supported Fillmore in 1856. Bell in 1860, and McClellan in 1864." From 1867 until the end of his life he was at the head of the great work of the Peabody Trust for Southern Education, George Peabody having been his personal friend. Many of the addresses in his published volumes relate to this important interest. For thirty years, from 1855 to 1885, he was president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and for sixteen years before 1855 he had been a member of the Society. His reply to the tributes upon his withdrawal from the presidency may be found in vol. iv. of his *Addresses*, p. 560. His

volumes are rich in his contributions to the interests of the Society. It is undoubtedly by his orations on great historical anniversaries that he will be chiefly remembered. Many of these, like those on the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument in 1848 and the completion of the monument in 1885, on the dedication of the Franklin statue in Boston and the Prescott statue at Bunker Hill, the Plymouth oration of 1870, the Yorktown oration, and the Centennial oration from which the present leaflet is drawn, are of high and permanent value. Few men had a larger acquaintance with the leading public men of his time in America and England, and his tributes to many of these are of great interest. The four volumes of his Addresses and Speeches form a veritable commentary upon the history of his time, especially in Boston. His "Life and Letters of John Winthrop" is a work of great historical importance. There is a valuable memoir of Winthrop by Robert C. Winthrop, Jr. See also his "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel: A Chapter of Autobiography" (1894) and the Tributes to his Memory by the Massachusetts Historical Society (1894).

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# The Inevitable Trial.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FROM DR. HOLMES'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION BEFORE THE CITY  
AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON, 1863.

As we look at the condition in which we find ourselves on this fourth day of July, 1863, at the beginning of the Eighty-eighth Year of American Independence, we may well ask ourselves what right we have to indulge in public rejoicings. If the war in which we are engaged is an accidental one, which might have been avoided but for our fault; if it is for any ambitious or unworthy purpose on our part; if it is hopeless, and we are madly persisting in it; if it is our duty and in our power to make a safe and honorable peace, and we refuse to do it; if our free institutions are in danger of becoming subverted, and giving place to an irresponsible tyranny; if we are moving in the narrow circles which are to engulf us in national ruin,—then we had better sing a dirge, and leave this idle assemblage, and hush the noisy cannon which are reverberating through the air, and tear down the scaffolds which are soon to blaze with fiery symbols; for it is mourning and not joy that should cover the land; there should be silence, and not the echo of noisy gladness, in our streets; and the emblems with which we tell our nation's story and prefigure its future should be traced, not in fire, but in ashes.

If, on the other hand, this war is no accident, but an inevitable result of long-incubating causes; inevitable as the cataclysms that swept away the monstrous births of primeval nature; if it is for no mean, unworthy end, but for national life, for liberty everywhere, for humanity, for the kingdom of God on earth; if

it is not hopeless, but only growing to such dimensions that the world shall remember the final triumph of right throughout all time; if there is no safe and honorable peace for us but a peace proclaimed from the capital of every revolted province in the name of the sacred, inviolable Union; if the fear of tyranny is a phantasm, conjured up by the imagination of the weak, acted on by the craft of the cunning; if so far from circling inward to the gulf of our perdition, the movement of past years is reversed, and every revolution carries us farther and farther from the centre of the vortex, until, by God's blessing, we shall soon find ourselves freed from the outermost coil of the accursed spiral; if all these things are true; if we may hope to make them seem true, or even probable, to the doubting soul, in an hour's discourse,—then we may join without madness in the day's exultant festivities; the bells may ring, the cannon may roar, the incense of our harmless saltpetre fill the air, and the children who are to inherit the fruit of these toiling, agonizing years go about unblamed, making day and night vocal with their jubilant patriotism.

The struggle in which we are engaged was inevitable; it might have come a little sooner, or a little later, but it must have come. The disease of the nation was organic, and not functional, and the rough chirurgery of war was its only remedy.

In opposition to this view, there are many languid thinkers who lapse into a forlorn belief that if this or that man had never lived, or if this or that other man had not ceased to live, the country might have gone on in peace and prosperity, until its felicity merged in the glories of the millennium. If Mr. Calhoun had never proclaimed his heresies; if Mr. Garrison had never published his paper; if Mr. Phillips, the Cassandra in masculine shape of our long prosperous Ilium, had never uttered his melodious prophecies; if the silver tones of Mr. Clay had still sounded in the senate-chamber to smooth the billows of contention; if the Olympian brow of Daniel Webster had been lifted from the dust to fix its awful frown on the darkening scowl of rebellion,—we might have been spared this dread season of convulsion. All this is but simple Martha's faith, without the reason she could have given: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

They little know the tidal movements of national thought and feeling, who believe that they depend for existence on a few swimmers who ride their waves. It is not Leviathan that leads the ocean from continent to continent, but the ocean which bears

his mighty bulk as it wafts its own bubbles. If this is true of all the narrower manifestations of human progress, how much more must it be true of those broad movements in the intellectual and spiritual domain which interest all mankind! But in the more limited ranges referred to, no fact is more familiar than that there is a simultaneous impulse acting on many individual minds at once, so that genius comes in clusters, and shines rarely as a single star. You may trace a common motive and force in the pyramid-builders of the earliest recorded antiquity, in the evolution of Greek architecture, and in the sudden springing up of those wondrous cathedrals of the twelfth and following centuries, growing out of the soil with stem and bud and blossom, like flowers of stone whose seeds might well have been the flaming aerolites cast over the battlements of heaven. You may see the same law showing itself in the brief periods of glory which make the names of Pericles and Augustus illustrious with reflected splendors; in the painters, the sculptors, the scholars of "Leo's golden days"; in the authors of the Elizabethan time; in the poets of the first part of this century following that dreary period, suffering alike from the silence of Cowper and the song of Hayley. You may accept the fact as natural, that Zwingli and Luther, without knowing each other, preached the same reformed gospel; that Newton, and Hooke, and Halley, and Wren arrived independently of each other at the great law of the diminution of gravity with the square of the distance; that Leverrier and Adams felt their hands meeting, as it were, as they stretched them into the outer darkness beyond the orbit of Uranus, in search of the dim, unseen planet; that Fulton and Bell, that Wheatstone and Morse, that Daguerre and Niepce, were moving almost simultaneously in parallel paths to the same end. You see why Patrick Henry, in Richmond, and Samuel Adams, in Boston, were starting the crown officials with the same accents of liberty, and why the Mecklenburg Resolutions had the very ring of the Protest of the Province of Massachusetts. This law of simultaneous intellectual movement, recognized by all thinkers, expatiated upon by Lord Macaulay and by Mr. Herbert Spencer among recent writers, is eminently applicable to that change of thought and feeling which necessarily led to the present conflict.

The antagonism of the two sections of the Union was not the work of this or that enthusiast or fanatic. It was the consequence of a movement in mass of two different forms of civilization in different directions, and the men to whom it was attributed

were only those who represented it most completely or who talked longest and loudest about it. Long before the accents of those famous statesmen referred to ever resounded in the halls of the Capitol, long before the "Liberator" opened its batteries, the controversy now working itself out by trial of battle was foreseen and predicted. Washington warned his countrymen of the danger of sectional divisions, well knowing the line of cleavage that ran through the seemingly solid fabric. Jefferson foreshadowed the judgment to fall upon the land for its sins against a just God. Andrew Jackson announced a quarter of a century beforehand that the next pretext of revolution would be slavery. De Tocqueville recognized, with that penetrating insight which analyzed our institutions and conditions so keenly, that the Union was to be endangered by slavery, not through its interests, but through the change of character it was bringing about in the people of the two sections,—the same fatal change which George Mason, more than half a century before, had declared to be the most pernicious effect of the system, adding the solemn warning, now fearfully justifying itself in the sight of his descendants, that "by an inevitable chain of causes and effects Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." The Virginian romancer pictured the far-off scenes of the conflict which he saw approaching, as the prophets of Israel painted the coming woes of Jerusalem, and the strong iconoclast of Boston announced the very year when the curtain should rise on the yet unopened drama.

The wise men of the past, and the shrewd men of our own time who warned us of the calamities in store for our nation, never doubted what was the cause which was to produce first alienation and finally rupture. The descendants of the men "daily exercised in tyranny," the "petty tyrants," as their own leading statesmen called them long ago, came at length to love the institution which their fathers had condemned while they tolerated. It is the fearful realization of that vision of the poet where the lost angels snuff up with eager nostrils the sulphurous emanations of the bottomless abyss,—so have their natures become changed by long breathing the atmosphere of the realm of darkness.

At last, in the fulness of time, the fruits of sin ripened in a sudden harvest of crime. Violence stalked into the senate-chamber, theft and perjury wound their way into the cabinet, and, finally, openly organized conspiracy, with force and arms, made burlesque entrance into a chief stronghold of the Union. That

the principle which underlay these acts of fraud and violence should be irrevocably recorded with every needed sanction, it pleased God to select a chief ruler of the false government to be its Messiah to the listening world. As with Pharaoh, the Lord hardened his heart, while he opened his mouth, as of old he opened that of the unwise animal ridden by cursing Balaam. Then spake Mr. "Vice-President" Stephens those memorable words which fixed forever the theory of the new social order. He first lifted a degraded barbarism to the dignity of a philosophic system. He first proclaimed the gospel of eternal tyranny as the new revelation which Providence had reserved for the western Palestine. Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! The corner-stone of the new-born dispensation is the recognized inequality of races; not that the strong may protect the weak, as men protect women and children, but that the strong may claim the authority of Nature and of God to buy, to sell, to scourge, to hunt, to cheat out of the reward of his labor, to keep in perpetual ignorance, to blast with hereditary curses throughout all time, the bronzed foundling of the New World, upon whose darkness has dawned the star of the occidental Bethlehem!

After two years of war have consolidated the opinion of the Slave States, we read in the "Richmond Examiner": "The establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age. For 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government."

A simple diagram, within the reach of all, shows how idle it is to look for any other cause than slavery as having any material agency in dividing the country. Match the two broken pieces of the Union, and you will find the fissure that separates them zigzagging itself half across the continent like an isothermal line, shooting its splintery projections, and opening its re-entering angles, not merely according to the limitations of particular States, but as a county or other limited section of ground belongs to freedom or to slavery. Add to this the official statement made in 1862, that "there is not one regiment or battalion, or even company of men, which was organized in or derived from the Free States or Territories, anywhere, against the Union"; throw in gratuitously Mr. Stephens's explicit declaration in the speech referred to, and we will consider the evidence closed for the present on this count of the indictment.

In the face of these predictions, these declarations. this line



of fracture, this precise statement, testimony from so many sources, extending through several generations, as to the necessary effect of slavery, *a priori*, and its actual influence as shown by the facts, few will suppose that anything *we* could have done would have stayed its course or prevented it from working out its legitimate effects on the white subjects of its corrupting dominion. Northern acquiescence or even sympathy may have sometimes helped to make it sit more easily on the consciences of its supporters. Many profess to think that Northern fanaticism, as they call it, acted like a mordant in fixing the black dye of slavery in regions which would but for that have washed themselves free of its stain in tears of penitence. It is a delusion and a snare to trust in any such false and flimsy reasons where there is enough and more than enough in the institution itself to account for its growth. Slavery gratifies at once the love of power, the love of money and the love of ease; it finds a victim for anger who cannot smite back his oppressor; and it offers to all, without measure, the seductive privileges which the Mormon gospel reserves for the true believers on earth, and the Bible of Mahomet only dares promise to the saints in heaven.

Still it is common, common even to vulgarity, to hear the remark that the same gallows-tree ought to bear as its fruit the arch-traitor and the leading champion of aggressive liberty. The mob of Jerusalem was not satisfied with its two crucified thieves: it must have a cross also for the reforming Galilean, who interfered so rudely with its conservative traditions! It is asserted that the fault was quite as much on our side as on the other; that our agitators and abolishers kindled the flame for which the combustibles were all ready on the other side of the border. If these men could have been silenced, our brothers had not died.

Who are the persons that use this argument? They are the very ones who are at the present moment most zealous in maintaining the right of free discussion. At a time when every power the nation can summon is needed to ward off the blows aimed at its life, and turn their force upon its foes, when a false traitor at home may lose us a battle by a word, and a lying newspaper may demoralize an army by its daily or weekly *stillicidium* of poison, they insist with loud acclaim upon the liberty of speech and of the press; liberty, nay, license, to deal with government, with leaders, with every measure, however urgent, in any terms they choose, to traduce the officer before his own soldiers, and

assail the only men who have any claim at all to rule over the country, as the very ones who are least worthy to be obeyed. If these opposition members of society are to have their way now, they cannot find fault with those persons who spoke their minds freely in the past on that great question which, as we have agreed, underlies all our present dissensions.

It is easy to understand the bitterness which is often shown towards reformers. They are never general favorites. They are apt to interfere with vested rights and time-hallowed interests. They often wear an unlovely, forbidding aspect. Their office corresponds to that of Nature's sanitary commission for the removal of material nuisances. It is not the butterfly, but the beetle, which she employs for this duty. It is not the bird of paradise and the nightingale, but the fowl of dark plumage and unmelodious voice, to which is intrusted the sacred duty of eliminating the substances that infect the air. And the force of obvious analogy teaches us not to expect all the qualities which please the general taste in those whose instincts lead them to attack the moral nuisances which poison the atmosphere of society. But whether they please us in all their aspects or not, is not the question. Like them or not, they must and will perform their office, and we cannot stop them. They may be unwise, violent, abusive, extravagant, impracticable, but they are alive, at any rate, and it is their business to remove abuses as soon as they are dead, and often to help them to die. To quarrel with them because they are beetles, and not butterflies, is natural, but far from profitable. They grow none the less vigorously for being trodden upon, like those tough weeds that love to nestle between the stones of court-yard pavements. If you strike at one of their heads with the bludgeon of the law, or of violence, it flies open like the seed-capsule of a snap-weed, and fills the whole region with seminal thoughts which will spring up in a crop just like the original martyr. They chased one of these enthusiasts, who attacked slavery, from St. Louis, and shot him at Alton in 1837; and on the 23d of June just passed, the Governor of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Emancipation, introduced to the Convention an Ordinance for the final extinction of slavery! They hunted another through the streets of a great Northern city in 1835; and within a few weeks a regiment of colored soldiers, many of them bearing the marks of the slave-driver's whip on their backs, marched out before a vast multitude tremulous with newly stirred sympathies, through the streets

of the same city, to fight our battles in the name of God and Liberty!

The same persons who abuse the reformers, and lay all our troubles at their door, are apt to be severe also on what they contemptuously emphasize as "sentiments" considered as motives of action. It is charitable to believe that they do not seriously contemplate or truly understand the meaning of the words they use, but rather play with them, as certain so-called "learned" quadrupeds play with the printed characters set before them. In all questions involving duty, we act from sentiments. Religion springs from them, the family order rests upon them, and in every community each act involving a relation between any two of its members implies the recognition or the denial of a sentiment. It is true that men often forget them or act against their bidding in the keen competition of business and politics. But God has not left the hard intellect of man to work out its devices without the constant presence of beings with gentler and purer instincts. The breast of woman is the ever-rocking cradle of the pure and holy sentiments which will sooner or later steal their way into the mind of her sterner companion, which will by and by emerge in the thoughts of the world's teachers, and at last thunder forth in the edicts of its law-givers and masters. Woman herself borrows half her tenderness from the sweet influences of maternity; and childhood that weeps at the story of suffering, that shudders at the picture of wrong, brings down its inspiration "from God, who is our home." To quarrel, then, with the class of minds that instinctively attack abuses is not only profitless, but senseless; to sneer at the sentiments which are the springs of all just and virtuous actions is merely a display of unthinking levity or of want of the natural sensibilities.

With the hereditary character of the Southern people moving in one direction, and the awakened conscience of the North stirring in the other, the open conflict of opinion was inevitable, and equally inevitable its appearance in the field of national politics. For what is meant by self-government is that a man shall make his convictions of what is right and expedient regulate the community so far as his fractional share of the government extends. If one has come to the conclusion, be it right or wrong, that any particular institution or statute is a violation of the sovereign law of God, it is to be expected that he will choose to be represented by those who share his belief, and who will in their wider sphere do all they legitimately can to get rid of the

wrong in which they find themselves and their constituents involved. To prevent opinion from organizing itself under political forms may be very desirable, but it is not according to the theory or practice of self-government. And if at last organized opinions become arrayed in hostile shape against each other, we shall find that a just war is only the last inevitable link in a chain of closely connected impulses of which the original source is in Him who gave to tender and humble and uncorrupted souls the sense of right and wrong, which, after passing through various forms, has found its final expression in the use of material force. Behind the bayonet is the law-giver's statute, behind the statute the thinker's argument, behind the argument is the tender conscientiousness of woman,—woman, the wife, the mother,—who looks upon the face of God himself reflected in the unsullied soul of infancy. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies."

The simplest course for the malecontent is to find fault with the order of Nature and the Being who established it. Unless the law of moral progress were changed, or the Governor of the Universe were dethroned, it would be impossible to prevent a great uprising of the human conscience against a system the legislation relating to which, in the words of so calm an observer as De Tocqueville, the Montesquieu of our laws, presents "such unparalleled atrocities as to show that the laws of humanity have been totally perverted." Until the infinite selfishness of the powers that hate and fear the principles of free government swallowed up their convenient virtues, that system was hissed at by all the old-world civilization. While in one section of our land the attempt has been going on to lift it out of the category of tolerated wrongs into the sphere of the world's beneficent agencies, it was to be expected that the protest of Northern manhood and womanhood would grow louder and stronger until the conflict of principles led to the conflict of forces. The moral uprising of the North came with the logical precision of destiny; the rage of the "petty tyrants" was inevitable; the plot to erect a slave empire followed with fated certainty; and the only question left for us of the North was whether we should suffer the cause of the Nation to go by default, or maintain its existence by the argument of cannon and musket, of bayonet and sabre.

The war in which we are engaged is for no meanly ambitious or unworthy purpose. It was primarily, and is to this moment,

for the preservation of our national existence. The first direct movement towards it was a civil request on the part of certain Southern persons that the Nation would commit suicide without making any unnecessary trouble about it. It was answered, with sentiments of the highest consideration, that there were constitutional and other objections to the Nation's laying violent hands upon itself. It was then requested, in a somewhat peremptory tone, that the Nation would be so obliging as to abstain from food until the natural consequences of that proceeding should manifest themselves. All this was done as between a single State and an isolated fortress; but it was not South Carolina and Fort Sumter that were talking: it was a vast conspiracy uttering its menace to a mighty nation; the whole menagerie of treason was pacing its cages, ready to spring as soon as the doors were opened; and all that the tigers of rebellion wanted to kindle their wild natures to frenzy was the sight of flowing blood. . . .

Let us pause for a moment to consider what might have been the course of events if under the influence of fear, or of what some would name humanity, or of conscientious scruples to enter upon what a few please themselves and their rebel friends by calling a "wicked war"; if under any or all these influences we had taken the insult and the violence of South Carolina without accepting it as the first blow of a mortal combat, in which we must either die or give the last and finishing stroke.

By the same title which South Carolina asserted to Fort Sumter, Florida would have challenged as her own the Gibraltar of the Gulf, and Virginia the Ehrenbreitstein of the Chesapeake. Half our navy would have anchored under the guns of these suddenly alienated fortresses, with the flag of the rebellion flying at their peaks. "Old Ironsides" herself would have perhaps sailed out of Annapolis harbor to have a wooden Jefferson Davis shaped for her figure-head at Norfolk,—for Andrew Jackson was a hater of secession, and his was no fitting effigy for the battleship of the red-handed conspiracy. With all the great fortresses, with half the ships and warlike material, in addition to all that was already stolen, in the traitors' hands, what chance would the loyal men in the Border States have stood against the rush of the desperate fanatics of the now triumphant faction? Where would Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee,—saved, or looking to be saved, even as it is, as by fire,—have been in the day of trial? Into whose hands would the Capital, the archives, the glory, the name, the very life of the nation as a nation, have fallen,

318

endangered as all of them were, in spite of the volcanic outburst of the startled North which answered the roar of the first gun at Sumter? Worse than all, are we permitted to doubt that in the very bosom of the North itself there was a serpent, coiled but not sleeping, which only listened for the first word that made it safe to strike, to bury its fangs in the heart of Freedom, and blend its golden scales in close embrace with the deadly reptile of the cotton-fields. Who would not wish that he were wrong in such a suspicion? yet who can forget the mysterious warnings that the allies of the rebels were to be found far north of the fatal boundary line; and that it was in their own streets, against their own brothers, that the champions of liberty were to defend her sacred heritage?

Not to have fought, then, after the supreme indignity and outrage we had suffered, would have been to provoke every further wrong, and to furnish the means for its commission. It would have been to placard ourselves on the walls of the shattered fort, as the spiritless race the proud labor-thieves called us. It would have been to die as a nation of freemen, and to have given all we had left of our rights into the hands of alien tyrants in league with home-bred traitors.

Not to have fought would have been to be false to liberty everywhere, and to humanity. You have only to see who are our friends and who are our enemies in this struggle, to decide for what principles we are combating. We know too well that the British aristocracy is not with us. We know what the West End of London wishes may be result of this controversy. The two halves of this Union are the two blades of the shears, threatening as those of Atropos herself, which will sooner or later cut into shreds the old charters of tyranny. How they would exult if they could but break the rivet that makes of the two blades one resistless weapon! The man who of all living Americans had the best opportunity of knowing how the fact stood wrote these words in March, 1862: "That Great Britain did, in the most terrible moment of our domestic trial in struggling with a monstrous social evil she had earnestly professed to abhor, coldly and at once assume our inability to master it, and then become the only foreign nation steadily contributing in every indirect way possible to verify its prejudgment, will probably be the verdict made up against her by posterity, on a calm comparison of the evidence."

So speaks the wise, tranquil statesman who represents the nation at the Court of St. James, in the midst of embarrassments perhaps not less than those which vexed his illustrious grandfather, when he occupied the same position as the Envoy of the hated, new-born Republic.

"It cannot be denied,"—says another observer, placed on one of our national watch-towers in a foreign capital,—"it cannot be denied that the tendency of European public opinion, as delivered from high places, is more and more unfriendly to our cause"; "but the people," he adds, "everywhere sympathize with us, for they know that our cause is that of free institutions,—that our struggle is that of the people against an oligarchy." These are the words of the Minister to Austria, whose generous sympathies with popular liberty no homage paid to his genius by the class whose admiring welcome is most seductive to scholars has ever spoiled: our fellow-citizen, the historian of a great Republic which infused a portion of its life into our own,—John Lothrop Motley.

It is a bitter commentary on the effects of European, and especially of British, institutions that such men should have to speak in such terms of the manner in which our struggle has been regarded. We had, no doubt, very generally reckoned on the sympathy of England, at least, in a strife which, whatever pretexts were alleged as its cause, arrayed upon one side the supporters of an institution she was supposed to hate in earnest, and on the other its assailants. We had forgotten what her own poet, one of the truest and purest of her children, had said of his countrymen, in words which might well have been spoken by the British Premier to the American Ambassador asking for some evidence of kind feeling on the part of his government:—

"Alas! expect it not. We found no bait  
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,  
Disinterested good, is not our trade."

We know full well by this time what truth there is in these honest lines. We have found out, too, who our European enemies are, and why they are our enemies. Three bending statues bear up that gilded seat, which, in spite of the time-hallowed usurpations and consecrated wrongs so long associated with its history, is still venerated as the throne. One of these supports is the pensioned church; the second is the purchased army;

the third is the long-suffering people. Whenever the third caryatid comes to life and walks from beneath its burden, the capitals of Europe will be filled with the broken furniture of palaces. No wonder that our ministers find the privileged orders willing to see the ominous republic split into two antagonistic forces, each paralyzing the other, and standing in their mighty impotence a spectacle to courts and kings; to be pointed at as helots who drank themselves blind and giddy out of that broken chalice which held the poisonous draught of liberty!

We know our enemies, and they are the enemies of popular rights. We know our friends, and they are the foremost champions of political and social progress. The eloquent voice and the busy pen of John Bright have both been ours, heartily, nobly, from the first; the man of the people has been true to the cause of the people. That deep and generous thinker, who, more than any of her philosophical writers, represents the higher thought of England, John Stuart Mill, has spoken for us in tones to which none but her sordid hucksters and her selfish land-graspers can refuse to listen. Count Gasparin and Laboulaye have sent us back the echo from liberal France; France, the country of ideas, whose earlier inspirations embodied themselves for us in the person of the youthful Lafayette. Italy,—would you know on which side the rights of the people and the hopes of the future are to be found in this momentous conflict, what surer test, what ampler demonstration can you ask than the eager sympathy of the Italian patriot whose name is the hope of the toiling many, and the dread of their oppressors, wherever it is spoken, the heroic Garibaldi?

War is a child that devours its nurses one after another, until it is claimed by its true parents. This war has eaten its way backward through all the technicalities of lawyers learned in the infinitesimals of ordinances and statutes; through all the casuistries of divines, experts in the differential calculus of conscience and duty; until it stands revealed to all men as the natural and inevitable conflict of two incompatible forms of civilization, one or the other of which must dominate the central zone of the continent, and eventually claim the hemisphere for its development.

We have reached the region of those broad principles and large axioms which the wise Romans, the world's lawgivers, always recognized as above all special enactments. We have come to that solid substratum acknowledged by Grotius in his



great Treatise: "Necessity itself which reduces things to the mere right of Nature." The old rules, which were enough for our guidance in quiet times, have become as meaningless "as moonlight on the dial of the day." We have followed precedents as long as they could guide us: now we must make precedents for the ages which are to succeed us. . . .

What we want now is a strong purpose; the purpose of Luther, when he said, in repeating his Pater Noster, *fiat voluntas MEA*,—let *my* will be done; though he considerably added, *quia Tua*,—because my will is Thine. We want the virile energy of determination which made the oath of Andrew Jackson sound so like the devotion of an ardent saint that the recording angel might have entered it unquestioned among the prayers of the faithful.

War is a grim business. Two years ago our women's fingers were busy making "Havelocks." It seemed to us then as if the Havelock made half the soldier; and now we smile to think of those days of inexperience and illusion. We know now what war means, and we cannot look its dull, dead ghastliness in the face unless we feel that there is some great and noble principle behind it. It makes little difference what we thought we were fighting for at first: we know what we are fighting for now, and what we are fighting against.

We are fighting for our existence. We say to those who would take back their several contributions to that undivided unity which we call the Nation: The bronze is cast; the statue is on its pedestal; you cannot reclaim the brass you flung into the crucible! There are rights, possessions, privileges, policies, relations, duties, acquired, retained, called into existence in virtue of the principle of absolute solidarity,—belonging to the United States as an organic whole,—which cannot be divided, which none of its constituent parties can claim as its own, which perish out of its living frame when the wild forces of rebellion tear it limb from limb, and which it must defend, or confess self-government itself a failure.

We are fighting for that Constitution upon which our national existence reposes, now subjected by those who fired the scroll on which it was written from the cannon at Fort Sumter, to all those chances which the necessities of war entail upon every human arrangement, but still the venerable charter of our wide Republic.

We cannot fight for these objects without attacking the one mother cause of all the progeny of lesser antagonisms. Whether

we know it or not, whether we mean it or not, we cannot help fighting against the system that has proved the source of all those miseries which the author of the Declaration of Independence trembled to anticipate. And this ought to make us willing to do and to suffer cheerfully. There were Holy Wars of old, in which it was glory enough to die, wars in which the one aim was to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of infidels. The sepulchre of Christ is not in Palestine! He rose from that burial-place more than eighteen hundred years ago. He is crucified wherever his brothers are slain without cause; he lies buried wherever man, made in his Maker's image, is entombed in ignorance lest he should learn the rights which his divine Master gave him! . . .

Citizens of Boston, sons and daughters of New England, men and women of the North, brothers and sisters in the bond of the American Union, you have among you the scarred and wasted soldiers who have shed their blood for your temporal salvation. They bore your nation's emblems bravely through the fire and smoke of the battlefield; nay, their own bodies are starred with bullet-wounds and striped with sabre-cuts, as if to mark them as belonging to their country until their dust becomes a portion of the soil which they defended. In every Northern graveyard slumber the victims of this destroying struggle. Many whom you remember playing as children amidst the clover-blossoms of our Northern fields, sleep under nameless mounds with strange Southern wild-flowers blooming over them. By those wounds of living heroes, by those graves of fallen martyrs, by the hopes of your children and the claims of your children's children yet unborn, in the name of outraged honor, in the interest of violated sovereignty, for the life of an imperilled nation, for the sake of men everywhere and of our common humanity, for the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom on earth, your country calls upon you to stand by her through good report and through evil report, in triumph and in defeat, until she emerges from the great war of Western civilization, Queen of the broad continent, Arbitress in the councils of earth's emancipated peoples; until the flag that fell from the wall of Fort Sumter floats again inviolate, supreme, over all her ancient inheritance, every fortress, every capital, every ship, and this warring land is once more a United Nation!

In the first volume of Dr. Holmes's *Life and Letters*, by John T. Morse, Jr., there is a chapter (xi.) with the caption, "The Doctor's Distaste for Public Affairs." "The Doctor," says Mr. Morse, "had no taste and felt no capacity for public affairs, or for any of that labor with organizations, societies, and what not, of a *quasi* public character, in which many persons so usefully interested themselves. Politics, 'movements,' 'causes,' like factories and railroads, were to be handled by those who knew how; it would have been wastefulness for him to do such things badly to the neglect of other things which Nature had designed him to do well. He watched public affairs intelligently; he voted conscientiously; with this he conceived that he had fulfilled his duty." Such being Dr. Holmes's temperament and general attitude, we find that, while the other New England poets, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, and Emerson, were on fire with passion during the great anti-slavery struggle, all effectual coworkers with Garrison and Phillips and Sumner, the position of Dr. Holmes, thoroughly as he condemned the institution of slavery, was one that seemed to them lukewarm and unheroic. An interesting reflection of this is the correspondence between Lowell and Holmes in 1846. Lowell's letter unhappily is lost to us; but Dr. Holmes's letter is given entire by Mr. Morse.

But the struggle in Kansas aroused him to indignation, and he came out vigorously for the free-state men. "When at last the war came, it found him, or made him, as it did so many others who had previously felt and talked in the conservative and moderate strain, a strenuous, intense, often a greatly excited patriot, a Unionist, of course, and very soon an anti-slavery man. His eldest son enlisted among the first; but this incentive was not necessary to put the Doctor in the right place. He wrote war lyrics with the spirit of a Tyræus." Of his Fourth of July oration, the more important portion of which is given in the present leaflet, Mr. Morse says: "The only approach to public activity which I recall was his oration, delivered in Boston on the Fourth of July, 1863. I did not hear this, and do not know what oratorical capacity he may have developed; but as one reads it, it seems a speech of the highest order, instinct with stimulating spirit, almost fiery at times, honestly recognizing all the difficulties to be encountered, but with abiding courage to overcome them; expressing an appreciation of the cause, of all that was at stake for humanity and the nation, of the practical situation, the prospects, and of the temper which must be adequate to the trial. It is printed in the 'Pages from an Odd Volume of Life.' I dare say it is not often read nowadays, and in time will be forgotten. But a country must be rich in patriotic eloquence which can afford to let such an address glide out of memory." See also Kennedy's *Life of Holmes*, pp. 181-86. In the same volume of Dr. Holmes's works in which the Fourth of July oration is printed is included also "My Hunt after the Captain," his account of his search at the front for his son (now the Judge) who had been wounded at Antietam. The number of his poems relating to the war is very large.

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## Gladstone on Tennyson.

FROM GLADSTONE'S ESSAY ON TENNYSON IN THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW," OCTOBER, 1859.

Mr. Tennyson published his first volume, under the title of "Poems chiefly Lyrical," in 1830, and his second, with the name simply of "Poems," in 1833. In 1842 he reappeared before the world in two volumes, partly made up from the *débris* of his earlier books; and from this date forward he came into the enjoyment of a popularity at once great, growing, and select. With a manly resolution, which gave promise of the rare excellence he was progressively to attain, he had on this occasion amputated altogether from the collection about one-half of the contents of his earliest work, with some considerable portion of the second; he had almost rewritten or carefully corrected other important pieces, and had added a volume of new compositions.

The later handiwork showed a great advance upon the earlier, as, indeed, 1833 had shown upon 1830. From the very first, however, he had been noteworthy in performance as well as in promise, and it was plain that, whatever else might happen, at least neglect was not to be his lot. But, in the natural heat of youth, he had at the outset certainly mixed up some trivial with a greater number of worthier productions, and had shown an impatience of criticism by which, however excusable, he was sure to be himself the chief sufferer. His higher gifts, too, were of that quality which, by the changeless law of nature, cannot ripen fast; and there was, accordingly, some portion both of obscurity and of crudity in the results of his youthful labors. Men of slighter materials would have come more quickly to their ma-

turity, and might have given less occasion not only for cavil, but for warrantable animadversion. It was yet more creditable to him than it could be even to the just among his critics that he should, and while yet young, have applied himself with so resolute a hand to the work of castigation. He thus gave a remarkable proof alike of his reverence for his art, of his insight into his powers, of the superiority he had acquired to all the more commonplace illusions of self-love, and perhaps of his presaging consciousness that the great, if they mean to fulfil the measure of their greatness, should always be fastidious against themselves.

It would be superfluous to enter upon any general criticism of the collection of 1842, a large portion of which is established in the familiar recollection and favor of the public. We may, however, say that what may be termed at large the classical idea (though it is not that of Troas nor of the Homeric period) has, perhaps, never been grasped with greater force and justice than in "*Ænone*," nor exhibited in a form of more consummate polish. "*Ulysses*" is likewise a highly finished poem; but it is open to the remark that it exhibits (so to speak) a corner-view of a character which was in itself a *cosmos*. Never has political philosophy been wedded to the poetic form more happily than in the three short pieces on England and her institutions, unhappily without title, and only to be cited, like writs of law and papal bulls, by their first words. Even among the rejected pieces there are specimens of a deep metaphysical insight; and this power reappears, with an increasing growth of ethical and social wisdom, in "*Locksley Hall*" and elsewhere. The Wordsworthian poem of "*Dora*" is admirable in its kind. From the firmness of its drawing, and the depth and singular purity of its color, "*Godiva*" has from its birth, if we judge aright, stood as at once a great performance and a great pledge. But, above all, the fragmentary piece on the Death of Arthur was a fit prelude to that lordly music of the *Idylls*, which is now freshly sounding in our ears. If we pass onward from these volumes, it is only because space forbids a further enumeration.

The "*Princess*" was published in 1847. The author has termed it "a medley": why, we know not. It approaches more nearly to the character of a regular drama, with the stage directions written into verse, than any other of his works, and it is composed, consecutively and throughout, on the basis of one idea. It exhibits an effort to amalgamate the place and function of woman with that of man, and the failure of that effort, which duly winds up with the surrender and marriage of the fairest and

chief enthusiast. It may be doubted whether the idea is one well suited to exhibition in a quasi-dramatic form. Certainly the mode of embodying it, so far as it is dramatic, is not successful; for here again the persons are little better than mere *persons*. They are *media*, and weak *media*, for the conveyance of the ideas. The poem is, nevertheless, one of high interest, both on account of the force, purity, and nobleness of the main streams of thought, which are clothed in language full of all Mr. Tennyson's high and delicate excellences; and also because it marks the earliest effort of his mind in the direction of his latest and greatest achievements. . . .

With passages like those in the "Princess" and elsewhere still upon the mind and ear, we may confidently assert it as one of Mr. Tennyson's brightest distinctions that he is now what from the very first he strove to be, and what when he wrote "Godiva" he gave ample promise of becoming,—the poet of woman. We do not mean, nor do we know, that his hold over women as his readers is greater than his command or influence over men, but that he has studied, sounded, painted woman in form, in motion, in character, in office, in capability, with rare devotion, power, and skill; and the poet who best achieves this end does also most and best for man.

In 1850 Mr. Tennyson gave to the world, under the title of "*In Memoriam*," perhaps the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed. The memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died suddenly in 1833, at the age of twenty-two, will doubtless live chiefly in connection with this volume. But he is well known to have been one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have needed no aid from a friendly hand, would have built his own enduring monument, and would have bequeathed to his country a name in all likelihood greater than that of his very distinguished father. The writer of this paper was, more than half a century ago, in a condition to say

"I marked him  
As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise  
Dawn on his ample brow." \*

There perhaps was no one among those who were blessed with his friendship, nay, as we see, not even Mr. Tennyson, who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection, and left far behind by the rapid, full, and rich development of his ever-searching mind; by his

\* De Vere's "*Mary Tudor*," I. V. 1. [This sentence has now been added.—W. E. G., 1878.]

"All comprehensive tenderness,  
All subtilizing intellect."

It would be easy to show what, in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, "This he never could have done." Enough remains from among his early efforts to accredit whatever mournful witness may now be borne of him. But what can be a nobler tribute than this, that for seventeen years after his death a poet, fast rising towards the lofty summits of his art, found that young fading image the richest source of his inspiration, and of thoughts that gave him buoyancy for a flight such as he had not hitherto attained?

It would be very difficult to convey a just idea of this volume either by narrative or by quotation. In the series of monodies or meditations which compose it, and which follow in long series without weariness or sameness, the poet never moves away a step from the grave of his friend, but, while still circling round it, has always a new point of view. Strength of love, depth of grief, aching sense of loss, have driven him forth as it were on a quest of consolation, and he asks it of nature, thought, religion, in a hundred forms which a rich and varied imagination continually suggests, but all of them connected by one central point, the recollection of the dead. This work he prosecutes, not in vain effeminate complaint, but in manly recognition of the fruit and profit even of baffled love, in noble suggestions of the future, in heart-soothing and heart-chastening thoughts of what the dead was and of what he is, and of what one who has been, and therefore still is, in near contact with him is bound to be. The whole movement of the poem is between the mourner and the mourned: it may be called one long soliloquy; but it has this mark of greatness, that, though the singer is himself a large part of the subject, it never degenerates into egotism—for he speaks typically on behalf of humanity at large, and in his own name, like Dante on his mystic journey, teaches deep lessons of life and conscience to us all. . . .

By the time "*In Memoriam*" had sunk into the public mind, Mr. Tennyson had taken his rank as our first then living poet. Over the fresh hearts and understandings of the young, notwithstanding his more youthful obscurities, his metaphysics, his contempt of gewgaws, he had established an extraordinary sway. We ourselves, with some thousands of other spectators, saw him receive in that noble structure of Wren, the theatre of Oxford, the decora-

tion of D.C.L., which we perceive he always wears on his title-page. Among his colleagues in the honor were Sir De Lacy Evans and Sir John Burgoyne, fresh from the stirring exploits of the Crimea; but even patriotism, at the fever heat of war, could not command a more fervent enthusiasm for the old and gallant soldiers than was evoked by the presence of Mr. Tennyson.

In the year 1855 Mr. Tennyson proceeded to publish his "Maud," the least popular, and probably the least worthy of popularity, among his more considerable works. A somewhat heavy dreaminess, and a great deal of obscurity, hang about this poem; and the effort required to dispel the darkness of the general scheme is not repaid when we discover what it hides. The main thread of "Maud" seems to be this: A love once accepted, then disappointed, leads to blood-shedding, and onward to madness with lucid alternations. The insanity expresses itself in the ravings of the homicide lover, who even imagines himself among the dead, in a clamor and confusion closely resembling an ill-regulated Bedlam, but which, if the description be a faithful one, would forever deprive the grave of its title to the epithet of silent. It may be good frenzy, but we doubt its being as good poetry. Of all this there may, we admit, be an esoteric view: but we speak of the work as it offers itself to the common eye. Both Maud and the lover are too nebulous by far; and they remind us of the boneless and pulpy personages by whom, as Dr. Whewell assures us, the planet Jupiter, if inhabited at all, is inhabited.

But the most doubtful part of the poem is its climax. A vision of the beloved image "spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars," righteous wars of course, and the madman begins to receive light and comfort; but, strangely enough, it seems to be the wars, and not the image, in which the source of consolation lies.

"No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace  
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase.  
. . . . . a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,  
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told . . .  
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done:  
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,  
And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress, flames  
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire!"

What interpretation are we meant to give to all this sound and fury? We would fain have put it down as intended to be the



finishing-stroke in the picture of a mania which has reached its zenith.

We might call in aid of this construction more happy and refreshing passages from other poems, as when Mr. Tennyson is

"Certain, if knowledge brings the sword,  
That knowledge takes the sword away." \*

And again in "The Golden Dream,"

"When shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?"

And yet once more in a noble piece of "*In Memoriam*,"

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

But, on the other hand, we must recollect that very long ago, when the apparition of invasion from across the Channel had as yet spoiled no man's slumbers, Mr. Tennyson's blood was already up:—

"For the French, the Pope may shrive them . . . .  
And the merry devil drive them  
Through the water and the fire."

And, unhappily, in the beginning of "Maud," when still in the best use of such wits as he possesses, its hero deals largely in kindred extravagances:—

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
Is it peace or war? better war! loud war by land and by sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

He then anticipates that, upon an enemy's attacking this country, "the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue," who typifies the bulk of the British people, "the nation of shopkeepers," as it has been emasculated and corrupted by excess of peace, will leap from his counter and till to charge the enemy; and thus it is to be reasonably hoped that we shall attain to the effectual renovation of society.

\*See also, "Locksley Hall,"

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.  
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

We frankly own that our divining rod does not enable us to say whether the poet intends to be in any and what degree sponsor to these sentiments, or whether he has put them forth in the exercise of his undoubted right to make vivid and suggestive representations of even the more partial and narrow aspects of some endangered truth. This is at best, indeed, a perilous business; for out of such fervid partial representations nearly all grave human error springs; and it should only be pursued with caution and in season. But we do not recollect that 1855 was a season of serious danger from a mania for peace and its pursuits; and, even if it had been so, we fear that the passages we have quoted are such as overpass the bounds of moderation and good sense. It is, indeed, true that peace has its moral perils and temptations for degenerate man, as has every other blessing, without exception, that he can receive from the hand of God. It is moreover not less true that, amidst the clash of arms, the noblest forms of character may be reared, and the highest acts of duty done; that these great and precious results may be due to war as their cause; and that one high form of sentiment in particular, the love of country, receives a powerful and general stimulus from the bloody strife. But this is as the furious cruelty of Pharaoh made place for the benign virtue of his daughter; as the butchering sentence of Herod raised without doubt many a mother's love in heroic sublimity; as plague, as famine, as fire, as flood, as every curse and every scourge that is wielded by an angry Providence for the chastisement of man, is an appointed instrument for tempering human souls in the seven-times heated furnace of affliction, up to the standard of angelic and archangelic virtue.

War, indeed, has the property of exciting much generous and noble feeling on a large scale; but with this special recommendation it has, in its modern forms especially, peculiar and unequalled evils. As it has a wider sweep of desolating power than the rest, so it has the peculiar quality that it is more susceptible of being decked in gaudy trappings, and of fascinating the imagination of those whose proud and angry passions it inflames. But it is, on this very account, a perilous delusion to teach that war is a cure for moral evil, in any other sense than as the sister tribulations are. The eulogies of the frantic hero in "Maud," however, deviate into grosser folly. It is natural that such vagaries should overlook the fixed laws of Providence. Under these laws the mass of mankind is composed of men, women, and children who can but just ward off hunger, cold, and nakedness; whose whole

ideas of Mammon-worship are comprised in the search for their daily food, clothing, shelter, fuel; whom any casualty reduces to positive want; and whose already low estate is yet further lowered and ground down, when "the blood-red blossom of war flames with its heart of fire." But what is a little strange is that war should be recommended as a specific for the particular evil of Mammon-worship. Such it never was, even in the days when the Greek heroes longed for the booty of Troy. . . .

Still it had, in times now gone by, ennobling elements and tendencies of the less sordid kind. But one inevitable characteristic of modern war is that it is associated throughout, in all its particulars, with a vast and most irregular formation of commercial enterprise. There is no incentive to Mammon-worship so remarkable as that which it affords. The political economy of war is now one of its most commanding aspects. Every farthing, with the smallest exceptions conceivable, of the scores or hundreds of millions which a war may cost, goes directly, and very violently, to stimulate production, though it is intended ultimately for waste or for destruction. Even apart from the fact that war suspends, *ipso facto*, every rule of public thrift, and tends to sap honesty itself in the use of the public treasure for which it makes such unbounded calls, it therefore is the greatest feeder of that lust of gold which, we are told, is the essence of commerce, though we had hoped it was only its occasional besetting sin. It is, however, more than this; for the regular commerce of peace is tameness itself compared with the gambling spirit which war, through the rapid shiftings and high prices which it brings, always introduces into trade. In its moral operation it more resembles, perhaps, the finding of a new gold-field than anything else. Meantime, as the most wicked mothers do not kill their offspring from a taste for the practice in the abstract, but under the pressure of want, and as war always brings home want to a larger circle of the people than feel it in peace, we ask the hero of "Maud" to let us know whether war is more likely to reduce or to multiply the horrors which he denounces? Will more babies be poisoned amidst comparative ease and plenty, or when, as before the fall of Napoleon, provisions were twice as dear as they now are, and wages not much more than half as high? Romans and Carthaginians were pretty much given to war; but no nations were more sedulous in the cult of Mammon. Again, the Scriptures are pretty strong against Mammon-worship, but they do not recommend this original and peculiar cure. Nay, once more: what sad errors must have crept

into the text of the prophet Isaiah when he is made to desire that our swords shall be converted into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks.

We have, however, this solid consolation after all, that Mr. Tennyson's war poetry is not comparable to his poetry of peace. Indeed, he is not here successful at all: the work, of a lower order than his, demands the abrupt force and the lyric fire, which do not seem to be among his varied and brilliant gifts. We say more. Mr. Tennyson is too intimately and essentially the poet of the nineteenth century to separate himself from its leading characteristics, the progress of physical science, and a vast commercial, mechanical, and industrial development. Whatever he may say or do in an occasional fit, he cannot long either cross or lose its sympathies; for, while he elevates as well as adorns it, he is flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone. We fondly believe it is his business to do much towards the solution of that problem, so fearful from its magnitude, how to harmonize this new draught of external power and activity with the old and more mellow wine of faith, self-devotion, loyalty, reverence, and discipline. And all that we have said is aimed, not at Mr. Tennyson, but at a lay-figure which he has set up, and into the mouth of which he has put words that cannot be his words.\*

We return to our proper task. "Maud," if an unintelligible or even, for Mr. Tennyson, an inferior work, is still a work which no inferior man could have produced; nor would it be difficult to extract abundance of lines, and even passages, obviously worthy of their author. And, if this poem would have made while

\* [In this attempt at a criticism upon "Maud," I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling, which had reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at the date of this article, dislocated my frame of mind, and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it; whether all that is put into the mouth of the Soliloquist in "Maud" is within the lines of poetical verisimilitude; whether this poem has the full moral equilibrium which is so marked a characteristic of the sister-works,—are questions open, perhaps, to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power. And, what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is, I conceive, not to set forth any coherent strain, but to use for poetical ends all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character, which is impassioned, fluctuating, and ill-grounded. The design, which seems to resemble that of the Ecclesiastes in another sphere, is arduous; but Mr. Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war-frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the *latter* portion of X. 3 (Part I.), and of the emphatic words, v. 11. (Part II.):—

"I swear to you lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely even akin."

alone a volume too light for his fame, the defect is supplied by the minor pieces, some of which are admirable. "The Brook," with its charming interstitial soliloquy, and the "Letters" will, we are persuaded, always rank among Mr. Tennyson's happy efforts; while the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," written from the heart and sealed by the conscience of the poet, is worthy of that great and genuine piece of manhood, its immortal subject.

We must touch for a moment upon what has already been mentioned as a separate subject of interest in the "Princess." We venture to describe it as in substance a drama, with a plot imperfectly worked and with characters insufficiently chiselled and relieved. Its author began by presenting, and for many years continued to present, personal as well as natural pictures of individual attitude or movement; and, as in "Ænone" and "Godiva," he carried them to a very high pitch of perfection. But he scarcely attempted, unless in his more homely narrations, anything like grouping or combination. It now appears that for this higher effort he has been gradually accumulating and preparing his resources. In the sections of the prolonged soliloquy of "Maud" we see a crude attempt at representing combined interests and characters with heroic elevation, under the special difficulty of appearing, like Mathews, in one person only; in the "Princess" we had a happier effort, though one that still left more to be desired. Each, however, in its own stage, served as a preparation for an enterprise at once bolder and more mature.

We now come to the new work of the poet, the "Idylls of the King." The field which Mr. Tennyson has chosen for this his recent and by far greatest exploit is one of so deep and wide-reaching an interest as to demand some previous notice of a special kind.

Lofty example in comprehensive forms is, without doubt, one of the great standing needs of our race. To this want it has been from the first one main purpose of the highest poetry to answer. The quest of Beauty leads all those who engage in it to the ideal or normal man, as the summit of attainable excellence. By no arbitrary choice, but in obedience to unchanging laws, the painter and the sculptor must found their art upon the study of the human form, and must reckon its successful reproduction as their noblest and most consummate exploit. The concern of Poetry with corporal beauty is, though important, yet secondary: this art uses form as an auxiliary, as a subordinate though proper part in the

delineation of mind and character, of which it is appointed to be a visible organ. But with mind and character themselves lies the highest occupation of the Muse. Homer, the patriarch of poets, has founded his two immortal works upon two of these ideal developments in Achilles and Ulysses; and has adorned them with others, such as Penelope and Helen, Hector and Diomed, every one an immortal product, though as compared with the others either less consummate or less conspicuous. Though deformed by the mire of after-tradition, all the great characters of Homer have become models and standards, each in its own kind, for what was, or was supposed to be, its distinguishing gift.

At length, after many generations, and great revolutions of mind and of events, another age arrived, like, if not equal, in creative power to that of Homer. The Gospel had given to the life of civilized man a real resurrection, and its second birth was followed by its second youth. This rejuvenescence was allotted to those wonderful centuries which popular ignorance confounds with the dark ages properly so called—an identification about as rational as if we were to compare our own life within the womb to the same life in intelligent though early childhood. Awakened to aspirations at once fresh and ancient, the mind of man took hold of the venerable ideals bequeathed to us by the Greeks as a precious part of its inheritance, and gave them again to the light, appropriated, but also renewed. The old materials came forth, but not alone; for the types which human genius had formerly conceived were now submitted to the transfiguring action of a law from on high. Nature herself prompted the effort to bring the old patterns of worldly excellence and greatness—or rather the copies of those patterns still legible, though depraved, and still rich with living suggestion—into harmony with that higher Pattern, once seen by the eyes and handled by the hands of men, and faithfully delineated in the Gospels for the profit of all generations. The life of our Saviour, in its external aspect, was that of a teacher. It was, in principle, a model for all; but it left space and scope for adaptations to the lay life of Christians in general, such as those by whom the every-day business of the world is to be carried on. It remained for man to make his best endeavor to exhibit the great model on its terrestrial side, in its contact with the world. Here is the true source of that new and noble Cycle which the Middle Ages have handed down to us in duality of form, but with a close related substance, under the royal sceptres of Arthur in England and of Charlemagne in France.

Of the two great systems of Romance, one has Lancelot, the other has Orlando, for its culminating point; these heroes being exhibited as the respective specimens in whose characters the fullest development of man, such as he was then conceived, was to be recognized. The one put forward Arthur for the visible head of Christendom, signifying and asserting its social unity; the other had Charlemagne. Each arrays, round about the Sovereign, a fellowship of knights. In them, Valor is the servant of Honor; in an age of which violence is the besetting danger, the protection of the weak is elevated into a first principle of action; and they betoken an order of things, in which Force should be only known as allied with Virtue, while they historically foreshadow the magnificent aristocracy of mediæval Europe. . . .

The date of Sir Thomas Mallory, who lived under Edward IV., is something earlier than that of the great Italian romances; England was younger in its poetical development; he appears, too, to have been on the whole content with the humble offices of a compiler and a chronicler, and we may conceive that his spirit and diction are still older than his date. The consequence is that we are brought into more immediate and fresher contact with the original forms of this romance. So that, as they present themselves to us, the Carlovingian cycle is the child of the latest Middle Age, while the Arthurian represents the earlier.

Much might be said on the specific differences which have thus arisen, and on those which may be due to a more northern and a more southern extraction respectively. Suffice it to say that the Romance of the Round Table, far less vivid and brilliant, far ruder as a work of skill and art, has more of the innocence, the emotion, the transparency, the inconsistency of childhood. Its political action is less specifically Christian than that of the rival scheme, its individual portraits more so. It is more directly and seriously aimed at the perfection of man. It is more free from gloss and varnish; it tells its own tale with more entire simplicity. The ascetic element is more strongly, and at the same time more quaintly, developed. It has a higher conception of the nature of woman; and, like the Homeric poems, it appears to eschew exhibiting her perfections in alliance with warlike force and exploits. So also love, while largely infused into the story, is more subordinate to the exhibition of other qualities. Again, the Romance of the Round Table bears witness to a more distinct and keener sense of sin; and, on the whole, a deeper, broader, and more manly view of human character, life, and duty.

It is in effect more like what the Carlovingian cycle might have been, had Dante moulded it. It hardly needs to be added that it is more mythical, inasmuch as Arthur of the Round Table is a personage, we fear, wholly doubtful, though not impossible; while the broad back of the historic Charlemagne, like another Atlas, may well sustain a world of legendary accretions.

It is to this rich repository that Mr. Tennyson has resorted for his material. He has shown, as we think, rare judgment in the choice. The Arthurian Romance has every recommendation that should win its way to the homage of a great poet. It is national: it is Christian. It is also human in the largest and deepest sense; and, therefore, though highly national, it is universal; for it rests upon those depths and breadths of our nature, to which all its truly great developments, in all nations, are alike essentially and closely related. The distance is enough for atmosphere, not too much for detail; enough for romance, not too much for sympathy. A poet of the nineteenth century, the Laureate has in the main appropriated and adapted characters, incidents, and even language, instead of attempting to project them, on a basis of his own, in the region of illimitable fancy. But he has done much more than this. Evidently, by reading and by deep meditation, as well as by sheer force of genius, he has penetrated himself, down to the very core of his being, with all that is deepest and best in the spirit of the time, or in the representation with which he deals; and as others, using old materials, have been free to alter them in the sense of vulgarity or license, so he has claimed and used the right to sever and recombine, to enlarge, retrench, and modify, for the purposes at once of a more powerful and elaborate art than his original presents and of a yet more elevated, or at least of a far more sustained, ethical and Christian strain. . . .

In the face of all critics the Laureate of England has now reached a position which at once imposes and instills respect. They are self-constituted; but he has won his way through the long dedication of his manful energies, accepted and crowned by deliberate and, we rejoice to think, by continually growing public favor. He has after all, and it is not the least nor lowest item in his praise, been the severest of his own critics; and has not been too proud either to learn or to unlearn in the work of maturing his genius and building up his fame.

From his very first appearance he has had the form and fashion of a true poet: the delicate insight into beauty, the refined perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye both in the



physical and moral world for motion, light, and color, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive faculty, and that rare gift, the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. Many of us, the common crowd, made of the common clay, may be lovers of Nature. A few may be as sincere or even as ardent as Mr. Tennyson. But it does not follow that even these favored ones possess the privilege that he enjoys. To them she speaks through vague and indeterminate impressions; for him she has a voice of the most finished articulation; all her images to him are clear and definite, and he translates them for us into that language of suggestion, emphasis, and refined analogy which links the manifold to the simple, and the infinite to the finite. He accomplishes for us what we should in vain attempt for ourselves, enables the puny hand to lay hold on what is vast, and brings even the common coarseness of grasp into a real contact with what is subtle and ethereal. His turn for metaphysical analysis is closely associated with a deep ethical insight; and many of his verses form sayings of so high a class that we trust they are destined to contribute a permanent part of the household-words of England. . . .

Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian essays continually suggest to us comparisons not so much with any one poet as a whole, but rather with many or most of the highest poets. The music and the just and pure modulation of his verse carry us back not only to the fine ear of Shelley, but to Milton and to Shakespeare; and his powers of fancy and of expression have produced passages which, if they are excelled by that one transcendent and ethereal poet of our nation whom we have last named, yet hardly could have been produced by any other English minstrel. Our author has a right to regard his own blank verse as highly characteristic and original; but yet Milton has contributed to its formation, and occasionally there is a striking resemblance in turn and diction, while Mr. Tennyson is the more idiomatic of the two. The chastity and moral elevation of this volume, its essential and profound though not didactic Christianity, are such as perhaps cannot be matched throughout the circle of English literature\* in conjunction with an equal power; and such as even to recall a pattern which we know not whether Mr. Tennyson has studied, the celestial strain of

\* [At the date of this Review the "Dream of Gerontius" by Dr. Newman had not been published. It appeared in 1865, without the Author's name, and in the unpretending form of a thin 32mo book or *booklet*. For this or some other unsatisfactory reason, it has never attained the renown it deserves. It was republished in 1868, in a volume which bore the initials J. H. N.—W. E. G., 1878.]

Dante.\* This is the more remarkable, because he has had to tread upon ground which must have been slippery for any foot but his.

But the grand poetical quality, in which the new volume gives to its author a new rank and standing, is its dramatic power; the power of drawing character, and of representing action. These faculties have not been precocious in Mr. Tennyson; but what is more material, they have now come out in great force. He has always been fond of personal delineations, from Claribel and Lilian down to his Ida, his Psyche, and his Maud; but they have been of dreamy, shadowy quality, doubtful as to flesh and blood, and with eyes having little or no speculation in them. He is far greater and far better when he has, as he now has, a good raw material ready to his hand, than when he draws only on the airy or chaotic regions of what Carlyle calls unconditioned possibility. He is made not so much to convert the moor into the field as the field into the rich and gorgeous garden. The imperfect *nisus*, which might be remarked in some former works, has at length reached the fulness of dramatic energy; in the Idylls we have no vagueness or thinness to complain of; everything lives and moves in the royal strength of nature; the fire of Prometheus has fairly caught the clay; each figure stands clear, broad, and sharp before us, as if it had sky for its background; and this of small as well as great, for even the "little novice" is projected on the canvas with the utmost truth and vigor, and with that admirable effect in heightening the great figure of Guinevere, which Patroclus produces for the character of Achilles, and (as some will have it) the modest structure of St. Margaret's for the giant proportions of Westminster Abbey. And this, we repeat, is the crowning gift of the poet,—the power of conceiving and representing man.

We do not believe that a Milton—or, in other words, the writer of a "Paradise Lost"—could ever be so great as a Shakespeare or a Homer, because (setting aside all other questions) his chief characters are neither human, nor can they be legitimately founded upon humanity;† and, moreover, what he has to represent of man is, by the very law of its being, limited in scale and development. Here at least the saying is a true one in its full scope; *Antiquitas*

\* It is no reproach to say that neither Dante nor Homer could have been studied by Mr. Tennyson at the time (a very early period of his life) when he wrote the lines which are allotted to them respectively in "The Palace of Art."

† But I commend to the notice of the reader the *Saggio* of Bonaventura Zumbini on the sublime Satan of "Paradise Lost," in "Saggi Critici," Napoli, 1876.—W. E. G., 1878.]

*sæculi, juvenus mundi*; rendered by our Laureate in "The Day-dream,"

"For we are ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times."

The Adam and Eve of Paradise exhibit to us the first inception of our race; and neither then, nor after their first sad lesson, could they furnish those materials for representations which their descendants have accumulated in the school of their incessant and many-colored, but on the whole too gloomy, experience. To the long chapters of that experience, every generation of man makes its own addition. Again, we ask the aid of Mr. Tennyson in "Locksley Hall":—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The substitution of law for force has, indeed, altered the relations of the strong and the weak; the hardening or cooling down of political institutions and social traditions, the fixed and legal track instead of the open pathless field, have removed or neutralized many of those occasions and passages of life which were formerly the schools of individual character. The genius of mechanism has vied, in the arts both of peace and war, with the strong hand, and has well-nigh robbed it of its place. But let us not be deceived by that smoothness of superficies which the social prospect offers to the distant eye. Nearness dispels the illusion; life is still as full of deep, of varied, of ecstatic, of harrowing interests as it ever was. The heart of man still beats and bounds, exults and suffers, from causes which are only less salient and conspicuous, because they are more mixed and diversified. It still undergoes every phase of emotion, and even, as seems probable, with a susceptibility which has increased and is increasing, and which has its index and outer form in the growing delicacy and complexities of the nervous system. Does any one believe that ever at any time there was a greater number of deaths referable to that comprehensive cause, a broken heart? Let none fear that this age, or any coming one, will extirpate the material of poetry. The more reasonable apprehension might be lest it should sap the vital force necessary to handle that material, and mould it into appropriate forms. To those especially who cherish any such apprehension, we recommend the perusal of this volume. Of it we will say without fear, what we would not dare to say of any other recent work: that of itself it raises the character and the hopes

of the age and the country which have produced it, and that its author, by his own single strength, has made a sensible addition to the permanent wealth of mankind.

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*Arthur Henry Hallam on Tennyson, from a review of Tennyson's Poems published in the Englishman's Magazine, 1831.*

One of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense, we are anxious to present to our readers. He has yet written little and published less; but in these "preludes of a loftier strain" we recognize the inspiring God. Mr. Tennyson belongs decidedly to the class we have already described as Poets of Sensation. He sees all the forms of nature with the "eruditus oculus," and his ear has a fairy fineness. There is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. We think he has more definitiveness and roundness of general conception than the late Mr. Keats, and is much more free from blemishes of diction and hasty capriccios of fancy. He has also this advantage over that poet and his friend Shelley, that he comes before the public unconnected with any political party or peculiar system of opinions. Nevertheless, true to the theory we have stated, we believe his participation in their characteristic excellencies is sufficient to secure him a share of their unpopularity. The volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," does not contain above 154 pages; but it shows us much more of the character of its parent mind than many books we have known of much larger compass and more boastful pretensions. The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked. The author imitates nobody: we recognize the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Firdûsî or Calidasa. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time, his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused*, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive to our minds than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct

the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart.

*John Sterling on Tennyson, from an article on "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," in the Quarterly Review, 1842.*

Little as is all that has been done towards the poetic representation of our time,—even in the looser and readier form of prose romance,—it is hard to suppose that it is incapable of such treatment. The still unadulterated purity of home among large circles of the nation presents an endless abundance of the feelings and characters, the want of which nothing else in existence can supply even to a poet. And these soft and steady lights strike an observer all the more from the restless activity and freedom of social ambition, the shifting changes of station, and the wealth gathered on one hand and spent on the other with an intenseness and amplitude of will, to which there is at least nothing now comparable among mankind. The power of self-subjection combined with almost boundless liberty, indeed necessitated by it, and the habit of self-denial with wealth beyond all calculation,—these are indubitable facts in modern England. But, while recognized as facts, how far do they still remain from that development as thoughts, which philosophy desires, or that vividness as images, which is the aim of poetry! It is easy to say that the severity of conscience in the best minds checks all play of fancy, and the fierceness of the outward struggle for power and riches absorbs the energies that would otherwise exert themselves in shapeful melody. But, had we minds full of the idea and the strength requisite for such work, they would find in this huge, harassed, and luxurious national existence the nourishment, not the poison, of creative art. The death-struggle of commercial and political rivalry, the brooding doubt and remorse, the gas-jet flame of faith irradiating its own coal-mine darkness,—in a word, our overwrought materialism, fevered by its own excess into spiritual dreams,—all this might serve the purposes of a bold imagination, no less than the creed of the antipoetic Puritans became poetry in the mind of Milton; and all bigotries, superstitions, and gore-dyed horrors were flames that kindled steady light in Shakspeare's humane and meditative song. . . .

In thus pointing to the problem which poetry now holds out, and maintaining that it has been but partially solved by our most illustrious writers, there is no design of setting up an unattainable standard, and then blaming any one in particular for inevitably falling short of it. Out of an age so diversified, and as yet so unshapely, he who draws forth any graceful and expressive forms is well entitled to high praise. Turning into fixed beauty any part of the shifting and mingled matter of our time, he does what in itself is very difficult, and affords very valuable help to all his future fellow-laborers. If he has not given us back our age as a whole transmuted into crystalline clearness and lustre, a work accomplished only by a few of the greatest minds under

the happiest circumstances for their art, yet we scarce know to whom we should be equally grateful as to him who has enriched us with any shapes of lasting loveliness, "won from the vague and formless infinite.

Mr. Tennyson has done more of this kind than almost any one that has appeared among us during the last twenty years. And in such a task of alchemy a really successful experiment, even on a small scale, is of great worth, compared with the thousands of fruitless efforts or pretences on the largest plan, which are daily clamoring for all men's admiration of their nothingness.

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*Emerson on Tennyson, from an article on "Europe and European Books," in "The Dial," vol. iii, April, 1843.*

Notwithstanding all Wordsworth's grand merits, it was a great pleasure to know that Alfred Tennyson's two volumes were coming out in the same ship; it was a great pleasure to receive them. The elegance, the wit and subtlety of this writer, his rich fancy, his power of language, his metrical skill, his independence on any living masters, his peculiar topics, his taste for the costly and gorgeous, discriminate the musky poet of gardens and conservatories, of parks and palaces. Perhaps we felt the popular objection that he wants rude truth; he is too fine. In these boudoirs of damask and alabaster, one is farther off from stern nature and human life than in Lalla Rookh and "The Loves of the Angels." Amid swinging censers and perfumed lamps, amidst velvet and glory we long for rain and frost. Otto-of-roses is good, but wild air is better. A critical friend of ours affirms that the vice which bereaved modern painters of their power, is the ambition to begin where their fathers ended; to equal the masters in their exquisite finish, instead of their religious purpose. The painters are not willing to paint ill enough; they will not paint for their times, agitated by the spirit which agitates their country; so should their picture picture us and draw all men after them; but they copy the technics of their predecessors, and paint for there predecessors' public. It seems as if the same vice had worked in poetry. Tennyson's compositions are not so much poems as studies in poetry, or sketches after the styles of sundry old masters. He is not the husband, who builds the homestead after his own necessity, from foundation-stone to chimney-top and turret, but a tasteful bachelor who collects quaint staircases and groined ceilings. We have no right to such superfineness. We must not make our bread of pure sugar. These delicacies and splendors are then legitimate when they are the excess of substantial and necessary expenditure. The best songs in English poetry are by that heavy, hard, pedantic poet, Ben Jonson. Jonson is rude, and only on rare occasions gay. Tennyson is always fine; but Jonson's beauty is more grateful than Tennyson's. It is a natural manly grace of a robust workman. Ben's flowers are not in pots at a city florist's,

arranged on a flower-stand, but he is a countryman at a harvest-home, attending his ox-cart from the fields, loaded with potatoes and apples, with grapes and plums, with nuts and berries, and stuck with boughs of hemlock and sweet-briar, with ferns and pond lilies which the children have gathered. But let us not quarrel with our benefactors. Perhaps Tennyson is too quaint and elegant. What then? It is long since we have had as good a lyrist; it will be long before we have his superior. "Godiva" is a noble poem that will tell the legend a thousand years. The poem of all the poetry of the present age for which we predict the longest term, is "Abou ben Adhem," of Leigh Hunt. Fortune will still have her part in every victory, and it is strange that one of the best poems should be written by a man who has hardly written any other. And "Godiva" is a parable which belongs to the same gospel. "Locksley Hall" and "The Two Voices" are meditative poems, which were slowly written to be slowly read. "The Talking Oak," though a little hurt by its wit and ingenuity, is beautiful, and the most poetic of the volume. "Ulysses" belongs to a high class of poetry, destined to be the highest, and to be more cultivated in the next generation. "Ænone" was a sketch of the same kind. One of the best specimens we have of the class is Wordsworth's "Laodamia," of which no special merit it can possess equals the total merit of having selected such a subject in such a spirit.

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Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby in Lincolnshire, Aug. 6. 1809, and died at Aldworth, Oct. 6, 1892. He and his brother Charles published "Poems by Two Brothers" in 1827. His volume entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical" appeared in 1830; and his greater works rapidly followed. In 1837 he was first introduced to Mr. Gladstone, who became thenceforth his cordial admirer and friend. They were born in the same year. Gladstone's review of Tennyson, the greater part of which is reprinted in the present leaflet, appeared in 1859; the long analysis of the *Idyls* and a few other passages are omitted. The brief passages from Arthur Henry Hallam, John Sterling, and Emerson, are added as memorable illustrations of the early appreciation of Tennyson by the best minds. Hallam's article, or the greater part of it may be found in Hallam's "Remains"; Sterling's article, in Sterling's "Essays and Tales"; Emerson's article, in the volume entitled "The Natural History of Intellect." An admirable account of Tennyson's successive works is given by Canon Ainger in his thorough article on Tennyson in the Dictionary of National Biography. See the Life of Tennyson by his son.

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## The Education of Darwin.

THE FIRST SECTION OF DARWIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, WRITTEN  
IN 1876.

A German Editor having written to me for an account of the development of my mind and character with some sketch of my autobiography, I have thought that the attempt would amuse me, and might possibly interest my children or their children. I know that it would have interested me greatly to have read even so short and dull a sketch of the mind of my grandfather, written by himself, and what he thought and did, and how he worked. I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life. Nor have I found this difficult, for life is nearly over with me. I have taken no pains about my style of writing.

I was born at Shrewsbury on February 12th, 1809, and my earliest recollection goes back only to when I was a few months over four years old, when we went to near Abergele for sea-bathing, and I recollect some events and places there with some little distinctness.

My mother died in July, 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her death-bed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table. In the spring of this same year I was sent to a day school in Shrewsbury, where I stayed a year. I have been told that I was much slower in learning



than my younger sister Catherine, and I believe that I was in many ways a naughty boy.

By the time I went to this day school \* my taste for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants,† and collected all sorts of things, shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. The passion for collecting which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste.

One little event during this year has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterwards sorely troubled by it; it is curious as showing that apparently I was interested at this early age in the variability of plants. I told another little boy (I believe it was Leighton, who afterwards became a well-known lichenologist and botanist) that I could produce variously colored polyantheses and primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was of course a monstrous fable and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit.

I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake-shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old

\* Kept by Rev. G. Case, minister of the Unitarian Chapel in the High Street. Mrs. Darwin was a Unitarian and attended Mr. Case's chapel, and my father as a little boy went there with his elder sisters. But both he and his brother were christened and intended to belong to the Church of England, and after his early boyhood he seems usually to have gone to church and not to Mr. Case's. It appears (*St. James Gazette*, Dec. 15, 1883) that a mural tablet has been erected to his memory in the chapel, which is now known as the "Free Christian Church."—F. D.

† Rev. W. A. Leighton, who was a schoolfellow of my father's at Mr. Case's school remembers his bringing a flower to school and saying that his mother had taught him how, by looking at the inside of the blossom, the name of the plant could be discovered. Mr. Leighton goes on, "This greatly roused my attention and curiosity, and I inquired of him repeatedly how this could be done?"—but his lesson was, naturally enough, not transmissible.—F. D.

hat and moved [it] in a particular manner?" and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out, he said, "Now if you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop (how well I remember its exact position), I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat and was walking out of the shop, when the shopman made a rush at me, so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

I can say in my own favor that I was as a boy humane, but I owed this entirely to the instruction and example of my sisters. I doubt indeed whether humanity is a natural or innate quality. I was very fond of collecting eggs, but I never took more than a single egg out of a bird's nest, except on one single occasion, when I took all, not for their value, but from a sort of bravado.

I had a strong taste for angling, and would sit for any number of hours on the bank of a river or pond watching the float; when at Maer \* I was told that I could kill the worms with salt and water, and from that day I never spitted a living worm, though at the expense probably of some loss of success.

Once as a very little boy whilst at the day school, or before that time, I acted cruelly, for I beat a puppy, I believe, simply from enjoying the sense of power; but the beating could not have been severe, for the puppy did not howl, of which I feel sure, as the spot was near the house. This act lay heavily on my conscience, as is shown by my remembering the exact spot where the crime was committed. It probably lay all the heavier from my love of dogs being then, and for a long time afterwards, a passion. Dogs seemed to know this, for I was an adept in robbing their love from their masters.

I remember clearly only one other incident during this year whilst at Mr. Case's daily school,—namely, the burial of a dragoon soldier; and it is surprising how clearly I can still see the horse with the man's empty boots and carbine suspended to the saddle, and the firing over the grave. This scene deeply stirred whatever poetic fancy there was in me.

\* The house of his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood.

In the summer of 1818 I went to Dr. Butler's great school in Shrewsbury, and remained there for seven years till midsummer 1825, when I was sixteen years old. I boarded at this school, so that I had the great advantage of living the life of a true school boy; but, as the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over and before locking up at night. This, I think, was in many ways advantageous to me by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided.

I have heard my father and elder sister say that I had, as a very young boy, a strong taste for long solitary walks; but what I thought about I know not. I often became quite absorbed, and once, whilst returning to school on the summit of the old fortifications round Shrewsbury, which had been converted into a public foot-path with no parapet on one side, I walked off and fell to the ground, but the height was only seven or eight feet. Nevertheless, the number of thoughts which passed through my mind during this very short, but sudden and wholly unexpected fall, was astonishing, and seems hardly compatible with what physiologists have, I believe, proved about each thought requiring quite an appreciable amount of time.

Nothing could have been worse for the development of my mind than Dr. Butler's school, as it was strictly classical, nothing else being taught, except a little ancient geography and history. The school as a means of education to me was simply a blank. During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language. Especial attention was paid to verse-making, and this I could never do well. I had many friends, and got together a good collection of old verses, which, by patching together, sometimes aided by other boys, I could work into any subject. Much attention was paid to learning by heart the lessons of the previous day; this I could effect with great facility, learning forty or fifty lines of Virgil or Homer whilst I was in morning chapel; but this exercise was utterly useless, for every verse was forgotten in forty-eight hours. I was not idle, and with the exception of versification, generally worked conscientiously at my classics; not using cribs. The sole pleasure I ever

received from such studies was from some of the odes of Horace, which I admired greatly.

When I left the school, I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Looking back as well as I can at my character during my school life, the only qualities which at this period promised well for the future were that I had strong and diversified tastes, much zeal for whatever interested me, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing. I was taught Euclid by a private tutor, and I distinctly remember the intense satisfaction which the clear geometrical proofs gave me. I remember, with equal distinctness, the delight which my uncle gave me (the father of Francis Galton) by explaining the principle of the vernier of a barometer. With respect to diversified tastes, independently of science, I was fond of reading various books, and I used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's "Seasons," and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. In connection with pleasure from poetry, I may add that in 1822 a vivid delight in scenery was first awakened in my mind, during a riding tour on the borders of Wales, and this has lasted longer than any other æsthetic pleasure.

Early in my school-days a boy had a copy of the "Wonders of the World," which I often read, and disputed with other boys about the veracity of some of the statements; and I believe that this book first gave me a wish to travel in remote countries, which was ultimately fulfilled by the voyage of the *Beagle*. In the latter part of my school life I became passionately fond of shooting; I do not believe that any one could have shown more zeal for the most holy cause than I did for shooting birds. How well I remember killing my first snipe, and my excitement was so great that I had much difficulty in reloading my gûn from the trembling

of my hands. This taste long continued, and I became a very good shot. When at Cambridge, I used to practise throwing up my gun to my shoulder before a looking-glass to see that I threw it up straight. Another and better plan was to get a friend to wave about a lighted candle, and then to fire at it with a cap on the nipple, and, if the aim was accurate, the little puff of air would blow out the candle. The explosion of the cap caused a sharp crack, and I was told that the tutor of the college remarked, "What an extraordinary thing it is, Mr. Darwin seems to spend hours in cracking a horse-whip in his room, for I often hear the crack when I pass under his windows."

I had many friends amongst the school-boys, whom I loved dearly, and I think that my disposition was then very affectionate.

With respect to science, I continued collecting minerals with much zeal, but quite unscientifically,—all that I cared about was a *new-named* mineral, and I hardly attempted to classify them. I must have observed insects with some little care, for, when ten years old (1819) I went for three weeks to Plas Edwards on the sea-coast in Wales, I was very much interested and surprised at seeing a large black and scarlet Hemipterous insect, many moths (*Zygæna*), and a *Cicindela* which are not found in Shropshire. I almost made up my mind to begin collecting all the insects which I could find dead, for on consulting my sister I concluded that it was not right to kill insects for the sake of making a collection. From reading White's "Selborne," I took much pleasure in watching the habits of birds, and even made notes on the subject. In my simplicity I remember wondering why every gentleman did not become an ornithologist.

Towards the close of my school life my brother worked hard at chemistry, and made a fair laboratory with proper apparatus in the tool-house in the garden, and I was allowed to aid him as a servant in most of his experiments. He made all the gases and many compounds, and I read with great care several books on chemistry, such as Henry and Parkes' "Chemical Catechism." The subject interested me greatly, and we often used to go on working till rather late at night. This was the best part of my education at school, for it showed me practically the meaning of experimental science. The fact that we worked at chemistry somehow got known at school, and, as it was an unprecedented fact, I was nicknamed "Gas." I was also once publicly rebuked by the head-master, Dr. Butler, for thus wasting my time on such useless subjects; and he called me very unjustly a "poco

curante," and, as I did not understand what he meant, it seemed to me a fearful reproach.

As I was doing no good at school, my father wisely took me away at a rather earlier age than usual, and sent me (October, 1825) to Edinburgh University with my brother, where I stayed for two years or sessions. My brother was completing his medical studies, though I do not believe he ever really intended to practise, and I was sent there to commence them. But soon after this period I became convinced, from various small circumstances, that my father would leave me property enough to subsist on, with some comfort, though I never imagined that I should be so rich a man as I am; but my belief was sufficient to check any strenuous efforts to learn medicine.

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on chemistry by Hope; but to my mind there are no advantages and many disadvantages in lectures compared with reading. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at 8 o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. It has proved one of the greatest evils in my life that I was not urged to practise dissection, for I should soon have got over my disgust, and the practice would have been invaluable for all my future work. This has been an irremediable evil, as well as my incapacity to draw. I also attended regularly the clinical wards in the hospital. Some of the cases distressed me a good deal, and I still have vivid pictures before me of some of them; but I was not so foolish as to allow this to lessen my attendance. I cannot understand why this part of my medical course did not interest me in a greater degree; for during the summer before coming to Edinburgh I began attending some of the poor people, chiefly children and women in Shrewsbury. I wrote down as full an account as I could of the case, with all the symptoms, and read them aloud to my father, who suggested further inquiries and advised me what medicines to give, which I made up myself. At one time I had at least a dozen patients, and I felt a keen interest in the work. My father, who was by far the best judge of character whom I ever knew, declared that I should make a successful physician,—meaning by this one who would get many patients. He maintained that the chief element of success was exciting confidence; but what he saw in me which convinced him that I should create

confidence I know not. I also attended on two occasions the operating theatre in the hospital at Edinburgh, and saw two very bad operations, one on a child, but I rushed away before they were completed. Nor did I ever attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so, this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year.

My brother stayed only one year at the University, so that during the second year I was left to my own resources; and this was an advantage, for I became well acquainted with several young men fond of natural science. One of these was Ainsworth, who afterwards published his travels in Assyria. He was a Wernerian geologist, and knew a little about many subjects. Dr. Coldstream was a very different young man, prim, formal, highly religious, and most kind-hearted. He afterwards published some good zoölogical articles. A third young man was Hardie, who would, I think, have made a good botanist, but died early in India. Lastly, Dr. Grant, my senior by several years, but how I became acquainted with him I cannot remember: he published some first-rate zoölogical papers, but, after coming to London as Professor in University College, he did nothing more in science,—a fact which has always been inexplicable to me. I knew him well: he was dry and formal in manner, with much enthusiasm beneath this outer crust. He one day, when we were walking together, burst forth in high admiration of Lamarck and his views on evolution. I listened in silent astonishment, and, as far as I can judge, without any effect on my mind. I had previously read the “*Zoönomia*” of my grandfather, in which similar views are maintained, but without producing any effect on me. Nevertheless, it is probable that the hearing rather early in life such views maintained and praised may have favored my upholding them under a different form in my “*Origin of Species*.” At this time I admired greatly the “*Zoönomia*”; but on reading it a second time after an interval of ten or fifteen years I was much disappointed, the proportion of speculation being so large to the facts given.

Drs. Grant and Coldstream attended much to marine Zoölogy, and I often accompanied the former to collect animals in the tidal pools, which I dissected as well as I could. I also became friends with some of the Newhaven fishermen, and sometimes accompanied them when they trawled for oysters, and thus got many specimens. But from not having had any regular practice

in dissection, and from possessing only a wretched microscope, my attempts were very poor. Nevertheless, I made one interesting little discovery, and read, about the beginning of the year 1826, a short paper on the subject before the Plinian Society. This was that the so-called ova of *Flustra* had the power of independent movement by means of cilia, and were in fact larvæ. In another short paper I showed that the little globular bodies which had been supposed to be the young state of *Fucus loreus* were the egg-cases of the wormlike *Pontobdella muricata*.

The Plinian Society was encouraged and, I believe, founded by Professor Jameson: it consisted of students and met in an underground room in the University for the sake of reading papers on natural science and discussing them. I used regularly to attend, and the meetings had a good effect on me in stimulating my zeal and giving me new congenial acquaintances. One evening a poor young man got up, and, after stammering for a prodigious length of time, blushing crimson, he at last slowly got out the words, "Mr. President, I have forgotten what I was going to say." The poor fellow looked quite overwhelmed, and all the members were so surprised that no one could think of a word to say to cover his confusion. The papers which were read to our little society were not printed, so that I had not the satisfaction of seeing my paper in print; but I believe Dr. Grant noticed my small discovery in his excellent memoir on *Flustra*.

I was also a member of the Royal Medical Society, and attended pretty regularly; but, as the subjects were exclusively medical, I did not much care about them. Much rubbish was talked there, but there were some good speakers, of whom the best was the present Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth. Dr. Grant took me occasionally to the meetings of the Wernerian Society, where various papers on natural history were read, discussed, and afterwards published in the "Transactions." I heard Audubon deliver there some interesting discourses on the habits of North American birds, sneering somewhat unjustly at Waterton. By the way, a negro lived in Edinburgh, who had travelled with Waterton, and gained his livelihood by stuffing birds, which he did excellently: he gave me lessons for payment, and I used often to sit with him, for he was a very pleasant and intelligent man.

Mr. Leonard Horner also took me once to a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where I saw Sir Walter Scott in the chair as President, and he apologized to the meeting as not feeling fitted for such a position. I looked at him and at the whole



scene with some awe and reverence, and I think it was owing to this visit during my youth, and to my having attended the Royal Medical Society, that I felt the honor of being elected a few years ago an honorary member of both these societies, more than any other similar honor. If I had been told at that time that I should one day have been thus honored, I declare that I should have thought it as ridiculous and improbable as if I had been told that I should be elected King of England.

During my second year at Edinburgh I attended ——'s lectures on Geology and Zoölogy, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced on me was the determination never, as long as I lived, to read a book on geology, or in any way to study the science. Yet I feel sure that I was prepared for a philosophical treatment of the subject; for an old Mr. Cotton in Shropshire, who knew a good deal about rocks, had pointed out to me two or three years previously a well-known large erratic boulder in the town of Shrewsbury, called the "bell-stone": he told me that there was no rock of the same kind nearer than Cumberland or Scotland, and he solemnly assured me that the world would come to an end before any one would be able to explain how this stone came where it now lay. This produced a deep impression on me, and I meditated over this wonderful stone. So that I felt the keenest delight when I first read of the action of icebergs in transporting boulders, and I gloried in the progress of Geology. Equally striking is the fact that I, though now only sixty-seven years old, heard the Professor, in a field lecture at Salisbury Craigs, discoursing on a trap-dyke, with amygdaloidal margins and the strata indurated on each side, with volcanic rocks all around us, say that it was a fissure filled with sediment from above, adding with a sneer that there were men who maintained that it had been injected from beneath in a molten condition. When I think of this lecture, I do not wonder that I determined never to attend to Geology.

From attending ——'s lectures, I became acquainted with the curator of the museum, Mr. Macgillivray, who afterwards published a large and excellent book on the birds of Scotland. I had much interesting natural-history talk with him, and he was very kind to me. He gave me some rare shells, for I at that time collected marine mollusck, but with no great zeal.

My summer vacations during these two years were wholly given up to amusements, though I always had some book in hand, which I read with interest. During the summer of 1826

I took a long walking tour with two friends, with knapsacks on our backs, through North Wales. We walked thirty miles most days, including one day the ascent of Snowdon. I also went with my sister a riding tour in North Wales, a servant with saddlebags carrying our clothes. The autumns were devoted to shooting, chiefly at Mr. Owen's, at Woodhouse, and at my Uncle Jos's,\* at Maer. My zeal was so great that I used to place my shooting-boots open by my bedside when I went to bed, so as not to lose half a minute in putting them on in the morning; and on one occasion I reached a distant part of the Maer estate, on the 20th of August, for black-game shooting, before I could see: I then toiled on with the game-keeper the whole day through thick heath and young Scotch firs.

I kept an exact record of every bird which I shot throughout the whole season. One day when shooting at Woodhouse with Captain Owen, the eldest son, and Major Hill, his cousin, afterwards Lord Berwick, both of whom I liked very much, I thought myself shamefully used, for every time after I had fired and thought that I had killed a bird, one of the two acted as if loading his gun, and cried out, "You must not count that bird, for I fired at the same time," and the game-keeper, perceiving the joke, backed them up. After some hours they told me of the joke, but it was no joke to me, for I had shot a large number of birds, but did not know how many, and could not add them to my list, which I used to do by making a knot in a piece of string tied to a button-hole. This my wicked friends had perceived.

How I did enjoy shooting! but I think that I must have been half-consciously ashamed of my zeal, for I tried to persuade myself that shooting was almost an intellectual employment: it required so much skill to judge where to find most game and to hunt the dogs well.

One of my autumnal visits to Maer in 1827 was memorable from meeting there Sir J. Mackintosh, who was the best converser I ever listened to. I heard afterwards with a glow of pride that he had said, "There is something in that young man that interests me." This must have been chiefly due to his perceiving that I listened with much interest to everything which he said, for I was as ignorant as a pig about his subjects of history, politics, and moral philosophy. To hear of praise from an eminent person, though no doubt apt or certain to excite vanity, is, I think, good for a young man, as it helps to keep him in the right course.

\* Josiah Wedgwood, the son of the founder of the Etruria Works.

My visits to Maer during these two or three succeeding years were quite delightful, independently of the autumnal shooting. Life there was perfectly free; the country was very pleasant for walking or riding; and in the evening there was much very agreeable conversation, not so personal as it generally is in large family parties, together with music. In the summer the whole family used often to sit on the steps of the old portico, with the flower-garden in front, and with the steep wooded bank opposite the house reflected in the lake, with here and there a fish rising or a water-bird paddling about. Nothing has left a more vivid picture on my mind than these evenings at Maer. I was also attached to and greatly revered my Uncle Jos; he was silent and reserved, so as to be a rather awful man; but he sometimes talked openly with me. He was the very type of an upright man, with the clearest judgment. I do not believe that any power on earth could have made him swerve an inch from what he considered the right course. I used to apply to him in my mind the well-known ode of Horace, now forgotten by me, in which the words "*nec vultus tyranni*," etc.,\* come in.

*Cambridge, 1828-1831.*—After having spent two sessions in Edinburgh, my father perceived, or he heard from my sisters, that I did not like the thought of being a physician, so he proposed that I should become a clergyman. He was very properly vehement against my turning into an idle sporting man, which then seemed my probable destination. I asked for some time to consider, as from what little I had heard or thought on the subject I had scruples about declaring my belief in all the dogmas of the Church of England; though otherwise I liked the thought of being a country clergyman. Accordingly, I read with care "*Pearson on the Creeds*," and a few other books on divinity; and as I did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible, I soon persuaded myself that our Creed must be fully accepted.

Considering how fiercely I have been attacked by the orthodox, it seems ludicrous that I once intended to be a clergyman. Nor was this intention and my father's wish ever formally given up, but died a natural death when, on leaving Cambridge, I joined the *Beagle* as naturalist. If the phrenologists are to be trusted, I was well fitted in one respect to be a clergyman. A few years

\* *Iustum et tenacem propositi virum  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solidè.*

ago the secretaries of a German psychological society asked me earnestly by letter for a photograph of myself; and some time afterwards I received the proceedings of one of the meetings, in which it seemed that the shape of my head had been the subject of a public discussion, and one of the speakers declared that I had the bump of reverence developed enough for ten priests.

As it was decided that I should be a clergyman, it was necessary that I should go to one of the English universities and take a degree; but, as I had never opened a classical book since leaving school, I found, to my dismay, that in the two intervening years I had actually forgotten, incredible as it may appear, almost everything which I had learnt, even to some few of the Greek letters. I did not, therefore, proceed to Cambridge at the usual time in October, but worked with a private tutor in Shrewsbury, and went to Cambridge after the Christmas vacation, early in 1828. I soon recovered my school standard of knowledge, and could translate easy Greek books, such as Homer and the Greek Testament, with moderate facility.

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attended mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand something of the great leading principles of mathematics, for men thus endowed seem to have an extra sense. But I do not believe that I should ever have succeeded beyond a very low grade. With respect to classics I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B.A., and brushed up my classics, together with a little algebra and Euclid, which latter gave me much pleasure, as it did at school. In order to pass the B.A. examination, it was also necessary to get up Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness, but not of course in the clear language of Paley.

The logic of this book, and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and, taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation. By answering well the examination questions in Paley, by doing Euclid well, and by not failing miserably in Classics, I gained a good place among the *οἱ πολλοὶ* or crowd of men who do not go in for honors. Oddly enough, I cannot remember how high I stood, and my memory fluctuates between the fifth, tenth, or twelfth, name on the list.\*

Public lectures on several branches were given in the University, attendance being quite voluntary; but I was so sickened with lectures at Edinburgh that I did not even attend Sedgwick's eloquent and interesting lectures. Had I done so, I should probably have become a geologist earlier than I did. I attended, however, Henslow's lectures on Botany, and liked them much for their extreme clearness and the admirable illustrations; but I did not study botany. Henslow used to take his pupils, including several of the older members of the University, field excursions, on foot or in coaches, to distant places, or in a barge down the river, and lectured on the rarer plants and animals which were observed. These excursions were delightful.

Although, as we shall presently see, there were some redeeming features in my life at Cambridge, my time was sadly wasted there, and worse than wasted. From my passion for shooting and for hunting, and, when this failed, for riding across country, I got into a sporting set, including some dissipated low-minded young men. We used often to dine together in the evening, though these dinners often included men of a higher stamp, and we sometimes drank too much, with jolly singing and playing at cards afterwards. I know that I ought to feel ashamed of days and evenings thus spent, but as some of my friends were very pleasant, and we were all in the highest spirits, I cannot help looking back to these times with much pleasure.

But I am glad to think that I had many other friends of a widely different nature. I was very intimate with Whitley,†

\* Tenth in the list of January, 1831.

† Rev. C. Whitley, Hon. Canon of Durham, formerly Reader in Natural Philosophy in Durham University.

who was afterwards Senior Wrangler, and we used continually to take long walks together. He inoculated me with a taste for pictures and good engravings, of which I bought some. I frequently went to the Fitzwilliam Gallery, and my taste must have been fairly good, for I certainly admired the best pictures, which I discussed with the old curator. I read also, with much interest, Sir Joshua Reynolds' book. This taste, though not natural to me, lasted for several years, and many of the pictures in the National Gallery in London gave me much pleasure; that of Sebastian del Piombo exciting in me a sense of sublimity.

I also got into a musical set, I believe by means of my warm-hearted friend, Herbert,\* who took a high wrangler's degree. From associating with these men, and hearing them play, I acquired a strong taste for music, and used very often to time my walks so as to hear on week-days the anthem in King's College Chapel. This gave me intense pleasure, so that my backbone would sometimes shiver. I am sure that there was no affectation or mere imitation in this taste, for I used generally to go by myself to King's College, and I sometimes hired the chorister boys to sing in my rooms. Nevertheless, I am so utterly destitute of an ear that I cannot perceive a discord, or keep time and hum a tune correctly, and it is a mystery how I could possibly have derived pleasure from music.

My musical friends soon perceived my state, and sometimes amused themselves by making me pass an examination, which consisted in ascertaining how many tunes I could recognize when they were played rather more quickly or slowly than usual. "God save the King," when thus played, was a sore puzzle. There was another man with almost as bad an ear as I had, and, strange to say, he played a little on the flute. Once I had the triumph of beating him in one of our musical examinations.

But no pursuit at Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles. It was the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal: one day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas,

\* The late John Maurice Herbert, County Court Judge of Cardiff and the Monmouth Circuit.

it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.

I was very successful in collecting, and invented two new methods. I employed a laborer to scrape, during the winter, moss off old trees and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing, in Stephens' "Illustrations of British Insects," the magic words, "captured by C. Darwin, Esq." I was introduced to etymology by my second cousin, W. Darwin Fox, a clever and most pleasant man, who was then at Christ's College, and with whom I became extremely intimate. Afterwards I became well acquainted, and went out collecting, with Albert Way, of Trinity, who in after years became a well-known archæologist; also with H. Thompson of the same college, afterwards a leading agriculturist, chairman of a great railway, and Member of Parliament. It seems, therefore, that a taste for collecting beetles is some indication of future success in life!

I am surprised what an indelible impression many of the beetles which I caught at Cambridge have left on my mind. I can remember the exact appearance of certain posts, old trees, and banks where I made a good capture. The pretty *Panagæus crux-major* was a treasure in those days, and here at Down I saw a beetle running across a walk, and on picking it up instantly perceived that it differed slightly from *P. crux-major*, and it turned out to be *P. quadripunctatus*, which is only a variety or closely allied species, differing from it very slightly in outline. I had never seen in those old days *Licinus* alive, which to an uneducated eye hardly differs from many of the black Carabidous beetles; but my sons found here a specimen, and I instantly recognized that it was new to me, yet I had not looked at a British beetle for the last twenty years.

I have not as yet mentioned a circumstance which influenced my whole career more than any other. This was my friendship with Professor Henslow. Before coming up to Cambridge, I had heard of him from my brother as a man who knew every branch of science, and I was accordingly prepared to reverence him. He kept open house once every week, when all undergraduates, and some older members of the University, who were attached to science, used to meet in the evening. I soon got, through Fox,

an invitation, and went there regularly. Before long I became well acquainted with Henslow, and during the latter half of my time at Cambridge took long walks with him on most days, so that I was called by some of the dons "the man who walks with Henslow"; and in the evening I was very often asked to join his family dinner. His knowledge was great in botany, entomology, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology. His strongest taste was to draw conclusions from long-continued minute observations. His judgment was excellent, and his whole mind well balanced; but I do not suppose that any one would say that he possessed much original genius. He was deeply religious, and so orthodox that he told me one day he should be grieved if a single word of the Thirty-nine Articles were altered. His moral qualities were in every way admirable. He was free from every tinge of vanity or other petty feeling, and I never saw a man who thought so little about himself or his own concerns. His temper was imperturbably good, with the most winning and courteous manners; yet, as I have seen, he could be roused by any bad action to the warmest indignation and prompt action.

I once saw in his company in the streets of Cambridge almost as horrid a scene as could have been witnessed during the French Revolution. Two body-snatchers had been arrested, and whilst being taken to prison had been torn from the constable by a crowd of the roughest men, who dragged them by their legs along the muddy and stony road. They were covered from head to foot with mud, and their faces were bleeding either from having been kicked or from the stones. They looked like corpses, but the crowd was so dense that I got only a few momentary glimpses of the wretched creatures. Never in my life have I seen such wrath painted on man's face as was shown by Henslow at this horrid scene. He tried repeatedly to penetrate the mob; but it was simply impossible. He then rushed away to the mayor, telling me not to follow him, but to get more policemen. I forget the issue, except that the two men were got into the prison without being killed.

Henslow's benevolence was unbounded, as he proved by his many excellent schemes for his poor parishioners, when in after years he held the living of Hitcham. My intimacy with such a man ought to have been, and I hope was, an inestimable benefit. I cannot resist mentioning a trifling incident, which showed his kind consideration. Whilst examining some pollen-grains on a



damp surface, I saw the tubes exerted, and instantly rushed off to communicate my surprising discovery to him. Now I do not suppose any other professor of botany could have helped laughing at my coming in such a hurry to make such a communication. But he agreed how interesting the phenomenon was, and explained its meaning, but made me clearly understand how well it was known. So I left him not in the least mortified, but well pleased at having discovered for myself so remarkable a fact, but determined not to be in such a hurry again to communicate my discoveries.

Dr. Whewell was one of the older and distinguished men who sometimes visited Henslow, and on several occasions I walked home with him at night. Next to Sir J. Mackintosh he was the best converser on grave subjects to whom I ever listened. Leonard Jenyns,\* who afterwards published some good essays in Natural History,† often stayed with Henslow, who was his brother-in-law. I visited him at his parsonage on the borders of the Fens [Swaffham Bulbeck], and had many a good walk and talk with him about natural history. I became also acquainted with several other men older than me, who did not care much about science, but were friends of Henslow. One was a Scotchman, brother of Sir Alexander Ramsay, and tutor of Jesus College: he was a delightful man, but did not live for many years. Another was Mr. Dawes, afterwards Dean of Hereford, and famous for his success in the education of the poor. These men and others of the same standing, together with Henslow, used sometimes to take distant excursions into the country, which I was allowed to join, and they were most agreeable.

Looking back, I infer that there must have been something in me a little superior to the common run of youths, otherwise the above-mentioned men, so much older than me and higher in academical position, would never have allowed me to associate with them. Certainly I was not aware of any such superiority, and I remember one of my sporting friends, Turner, who saw me at work with my beetles, saying that I should some day be a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the notion seemed to me preposterous.

During my last year at Cambridge I read with care and profound interest Humboldt's "Personal Narrative." This work,

\* The well-known Soame Jenyns was cousin to Mr. Jenyns' father.

† Mr. Jenyns (now Blomefield) described the fish for the zoology of the *Beagle*, and is author of a long series of papers, chiefly zoological.

and Sir J. Herschel's "Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy," stirred up in me a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of Natural Science. No one or a dozen other books influenced me nearly so much as these two. I copied out from Humboldt long passages about Teneriffe, and read them aloud on one of the above-mentioned excursions, to (I think) Henslow, Ramsay, and Dawes, for on a previous occasion I had talked about the glories of Teneriffe, and some of the party declared they would endeavor to go there; but I think that they were only half in earnest. I was, however, quite in earnest, and got an introduction to a merchant in London to inquire about ships; but the scheme was, of course, knocked on the head by the voyage of the *Beagle*.

My summer vacations were given up to collecting beetles, to some reading, and short tours. In the autumn my whole time was devoted to shooting, chiefly at Woodhouse and Maer, and sometimes with young Eyton of Eyton. Upon the whole the three years which I spent at Cambridge were the most joyful in my happy life, for I was then in excellent health, and almost always in high spirits.

As I had at first come up to Cambridge at Christmas, I was forced to keep two terms after passing my final examination, at the commencement of 1831; and Henslow then persuaded me to begin the study of geology. Therefore, on my return to Shropshire I examined sections, and colored a map of parts round Shrewsbury. Professor Sedgwick intended to visit North Wales in the beginning of August to pursue his famous geological investigations amongst the older rocks, and Henslow asked him to allow me to accompany him.\* Accordingly, he came and slept at my father's house.

A short conversation with him during this evening produced a strong impression on my mind. Whilst examining an old gravel-pit near Shrewsbury, a laborer told me that he had found in it a large worn tropical Volute shell, such as may be seen on the chimney-pieces of cottages, and, as he would not sell the shell, I was convinced that he had really found it in the pit. I told Sedgwick of the fact, and he at once said (no doubt truly) that it must have been thrown away by some one into the pit; but then added, if really embedded there, it would be the greatest mis-

\* In connection with this tour my father used to tell a story about Sedgwick: they had started from their inn one morning, and had walked a mile or two, when Sedgwick suddenly stopped, and vowed that he would return, being certain "that damned scoundrel" (the waiter) had not given the chambermaid the sixpence intrusted to him for the purpose. He was ultimately persuaded to give up the project, seeing that there was no reason for suspecting the waiter of especial fidelity.—F. D.

fortune to geology, as it would overthrow all that we know about the superficial deposits of the Midland Counties. These gravel-beds belong in fact to the glacial period, and in after-years I found in them broken arctic shells. But I was then utterly astonished at Sedgwick not being delighted at so wonderful a fact as a tropical shell being found near the surface in the middle of England. Nothing before had ever made me thoroughly realize, though I had read various scientific books, that science consists in grouping facts so that general laws or conclusions may be drawn from them.

Next morning we started for Llangollen, Conway, Bangor, and Capel Curig. . . . At Capel Curig I left Sedgwick and went in a straight line by compass and map across the mountains to Barmouth, never following any track unless it coincided with my course. I thus came on some strange wild places, and enjoyed much this manner of travelling. I visited Barmouth to see some Cambridge friends who were reading there, and thence returned to Shrewsbury and to Maer for shooting; for at that time I should have thought myself mad to give up the first days of partridge-shooting for geology or any other science. On returning home from my short geological tour in North Wales, I found a letter from Henslow, informing me that Captain Fitz-Roy was willing to give up part of his own cabin to any young man who would volunteer to go with him without pay as naturalist to the voyage of the *Beagle*. I have given, as I believe, in my MS. Journal an account of all the circumstances which then occurred.

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Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, Feb. 12, 1809, and died at Down in Kent, April 19, 1882. The section from his autobiography reprinted in the present leaflet outlines in a most interesting way the history of his early years and education, up to the time of his joining the scientific expedition of Captain FitzRoy in the "*Beagle*," in 1831, in the capacity of naturalist. The object of the voyage was to extend the survey of South America and "to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world." The voyage lasted five years; and the publication of the results of his observations and studies in connection with the expedition was Darwin's first important scientific work. From that time on his life was crowded with scientific activities, although it was not until 1859 that his epoch-making "*Origin of Species*" appeared. See the careful article, with bibliography, by his son Francis Darwin, in the Dictionary of National Biography; also the Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, by Francis Darwin. The autobiographical fragment of which the first section is here printed occupies the second chapter of the biography; this section is about a third of the whole. "My father's autobiographical recollections," writes the son, "were written for his children, and written without any thought that they would ever be published. The autobiography bears the heading, 'Recollections of the Development of my Mind and Character,' and ends with the following note: 'Aug. 3, 1876. This sketch of my life was begun about May 28 at Hopedene, and since then I have written for nearly an hour on most afternoons.'"

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# Music in New England.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

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ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN  
BOSTON, MAY 21, 1857.

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I am here, ladies and gentlemen, at the request of my friend, Mr. Charles Francis Chickering,—the worthy successor of an honored father in the Presidency of the Handel and Haydn Society,—and by the invitation of the gentlemen associated with him in the government of that Institution,—of which it becomes me to remember most gratefully to-day, that, by their unmerited favor, I have myself enjoyed the privileges of an Honorary Member for nearly twenty years,—to inaugurate the Festival which is now about to commence, by some introductory words of commemoration and of welcome.

I am not unmindful of the difficulty of the service to which I have thus been called. I am deeply sensible how thin and meagre any single, unaccompanied human voice must sound, in this spacious Hall and to this expecting audience, when brought, even by anticipation, into such immediate contrast with the multitudinous choral and instrumental power and grandeur which may be seen arrayed behind me and around me, and which are presently to break upon us in a glorious flood of mingled harmony and light.\*

More than one of the great Masters, whose genius is to be illustrated during the progress of this Festival, have found their highest powers tasked to the utmost, if I mistake not, in prepar-

\* Haydn's Creation, with its sublime opening chorus, "Let there be light," immediately followed the address.

ing an adequate and appropriate Overture, even for a single one of the great compositions to which they have owed their fame; and some of them, I believe, have abandoned the effort altogether. How hopeless, then, is it for me to attempt to say anything, which shall constitute a worthy prelude to all the magnificent Oratorios and Symphonies with which this Hall is now successively to resound! Well, well, may I recall the opening of that memorable musical competition, so forcibly depicted in the celebrated Ode on the Passions:—

“First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E’en at the sound himself had made.”

But I shall hardly succeed in rendering the formidable Solo which I have undertaken, either more easy to myself or more acceptable to others, by indulging too much in the fashionable *tremolo* of the hour; and I turn, therefore, without further preamble or apology, to a simple discharge of the service which I have promised to perform,—not, indeed, altogether without notes, for that would be quite out of keeping with the occasion; but not without a due remembrance, I trust, of the apt and excellent wisdom of the ancient Son of Sirach: “Speak, thou that art the elder, for it becometh thee, but with sound judgment; and hinder not the music. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words.”\*

It has sometimes been made a matter of reproach upon us New Englanders, my friends, that we are too ready to imitate the fashions, and even to ape the follies, of the Old World; and I think we must all admit that there have been periods in our history, when the charge was not altogether without foundation. We come to-day, however, to borrow a leaf out of the book of our brethren of Old England, which we need not be ashamed to copy,—which is eminently worthy of being copied,—and which I trust is destined to be reproduced,—in enlarged and improved editions,—frequently, if not statedly, in the future history of this community.

For many years past,—I know not exactly how many,—the great Musical Festivals of Birmingham and Norwich, of Liver-

\* This intimation was fulfilled, in the delivery of the Address, by the omission of many passages which are included in the printed copy.

pool and Manchester and York, have been among the most cherished and delightful holidays of our mother country. They have done much for the cause of musical improvement, and they have done much, too, for the innocent entertainment and wholesome recreation of the people. The most eminent living composers and performers of Europe have been proud to take a part in them, and the most distinguished lovers and patrons of art have been eager to attend them.

At this very moment, as you know, arrangements are in progress for holding one of them, on a grander scale than ever before, at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and the presence and patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert—whose musical skill and science, it has been said upon the best authority, would alone have won for them no ordinary distinction, had they been in a condition of life to admit of the full development and public display of such accomplishments—have been promised and accepted for the occasion.

We have no Queenly presence or Princely patronage, my friends, to rely upon, for lending grace or dignity to such an occasion,—though forms and features which would add brilliancy to a diadem are never wanting to our public assemblies,—but we have the fullest confidence that Republican ears are not insensible to “the concord of sweet sounds,” and that Republican hearts are neither closed nor callous to the impression, whether of the softer melodies or the sublimer harmonies of the divine art. And in that confidence we are assembled here to-day to inaugurate the first Musical Festival, which will have been organized and conducted in New England, or, I believe I may say, in all America, after the precise pattern of the great Festivals of Europe,—hailing it as the commencement of a series of Festivals, which may not be less distinguished in future years, perhaps, than those from whose example it has been borrowed,—and welcoming it, especially, as another advance towards that general education of the heart, the tastes, and the affections, of which Heaven knows how much we stand in need, and which is to be carried on and conducted, in no small part at least, through refined and elevated appeals to the eye and to the ear, under the guidance and inspiration of Christian faith and fear and love, by every department of human Art.

The public performance of sacred or of secular Music is, indeed,—I need hardly say,—by no means a new thing, or a thing of recent introduction, in this community. I know not

exactly how early musical entertainments commenced in the old town of Boston. It is not to be doubted that the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, like those of Plymouth, in the beautiful words of Mrs. Hemans, "shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer."

"Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang  
To the anthem of the Free."

They sang the psalms of David as versified by Sternhold and Hopkins, or by Henry Ainsworth, the eminent Brownist, adapting them sometimes, perhaps, to the tunes arranged by that ancient "Bachelor of Music," Thomas Ravenscroft,—and sometimes, I doubt not, they sang the hymns and songs of simple old George Wither, to the plain and plaintive two-part melodies of Orlando Gibbons. And, by and by, they made a Psalm-book for themselves and published it among the cherished first-fruits of a New England free press.\*

But the Fine Arts, of which Music is eminently one, can find no soil or sky for growth or culture in a new country and amid unsettled institutions. They are at once the fruit and the ornament of peace, civilization, and refinement. We have authentic history for the fact that in 1676 "there were no musicians by trade" on this peninsula. Yet more than a hundred years ago, certainly, the largest hall in the place was known by the name of Concert Hall,—and as early as the second of January, 1775, "a Concert of Music" was advertised there,—"Tickets to be had at the place of performance in Queen Street (now Court Street), at four shillings each." For a long series of years, doubtless, that now venerable hall fulfilled the peculiar purpose which was designated by its name. In casually turning over the columns of the Boston News Letter of a few years' later date, I observed an advertisement of a Grand Concert on the 28th of December, 1769 (which was postponed, however, on account of the weather to the following week), for the benefit of a Mr. Hartley, with a solo on the violin,—probably not quite equal to the one which Ole Bull gave us last week, or one of the brothers Mollenhauer a few weeks ago,—but still "by a gentleman lately arrived." So early did we begin to manifest that indebtedness to foreign

\* Governor Endicott's copy of "Ravenscroft's Psalms" is in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society,—where, also, is a copy of Wither's Hymns and Songs, with the autograph of Martha Winthrop, who came over to New England in 1631, and died soon afterwards. The Bay Psalm Book was published in 1640.

musical talent, which no young and industrious country need be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge, and which we recognize with satisfaction and gratitude, not only in more than one of our most popular and successful professors and instructors, but in so many of the admirable Orchestra and in the skilful Conductor of this occasion.

In the Boston Gazette for 1782, I have met with the advertisements of at least two other Concerts,—both of them given for that best and worthiest of all objects, “the benefit of the Poor”;—one of them at King’s Chapel on the 23d of April, where a Mr. Selby was announced to preside at the organ; the other at Trinity Church, where the organ was played by a Mr. Bellsted,—no match, I venture to say, for the portly Jackson or the accomplished Hayter of later days,—and where the vocal music was performed by an association of singers rejoicing in the name of the Aretinian Society. I have observed a notice, too, of at least one Instrumental Concert, given on the 28th of January, 1783, by the band of the Massachusetts Regiment of Artillery, whose instruments were at length just about to be happily released from the harsh and horrid service of Revolutionary battle-fields, and which may have been the original pioneer of the numerous Military Bands, whose music has given brilliancy to so many of the volunteer parades of succeeding years.

But a more memorable Concert than either of those to which I have alluded, has come down to us on the pages of history—a Concert of Sacred Music—called, at the time, an Oratorio, though in fact somewhat miscellaneous in its character, and given at King’s Chapel on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1789, on occasion of the visit of George Washington to Boston, as the first President of the United States.

Washington had been received and escorted into the town, by a grand civil and military procession, on Saturday, the 24th of October; and on his reaching the front of the Old State House, and entering the colonnade of that time-honored building (which I wish could be once more restored to its old appearance and to some worthy department of the public service), a select choir of singers, stationed upon a Triumphal Arch erected in the immediate vicinity, with DANIEL REA, the most famous vocalist of Boston in that day, at their head, had welcomed him by the performance of an original Ode, of whose quality a very few lines may, perhaps, afford a sufficient specimen. It commenced as follows:—



“Great Washington the Hero's come,  
 Each heart exulting hears the sound;  
 Thousands to their deliverer throng,  
 And shout him welcome all around!  
 Now in full chorus join the song,  
 And shout aloud, Great Washington.”

I doubt not that the air and execution of this performance were at least quite equal to the poetry,—though that is not saying much. But the musical talent of our metropolis was not satisfied with a single exhibition of itself in honor of the Father of his Country. A more formal concert of Sacred Music had, indeed, been previously arranged for an earlier day, with a view to raise funds for finishing the portico of the Chapel; but it had been postponed on account of the weather, or for some want of preparation. It was now fixed for the week of Washington's visit, and the programme is still extant in the papers of that period.

After an original anthem, composed by the organist, Mr. Selby,—for, it seems, that native compositions were not altogether discarded on that occasion,—the beautiful airs of Handel — “Comfort ye my people” and “Let the bright Seraphim”—were to be sung by Mr. Rea; while the Second Part was to consist of a short but entire Oratorio, of which I have seen no account either before or since, founded on the story of Jonah. The choruses were to be performed by the Independent Musical Society, and the instrumental parts by a society of gentlemen, aided by the Band of his Most Christian Majesty's Fleet, then lying in our harbor.

It seems, however, that owing to the indisposition of several of the best performers,—who were suffering from a prevailing cold which afterwards, I believe, acquired the name of the Washington Influenza,—a portion of this programme was again postponed. But the occasion was still a brilliant and memorable one. The ladies of Boston attended in great numbers,—many of them with sashes bearing “the bald eagle of the Union and the G. W. in conspicuous places,” while the Marchioness of Traversay (the wife of one of the officers of the French fleet) exhibited on this occasion, we are told, the G. W. and the Eagle set in brilliants, on a black velvet ground, on the bandeau of her hat.

Washington himself was of course there, and another original Ode in his honor was performed in the place of some of the omitted pieces; an Ode of which I may confidently venture to give more than a single verse, and which, I am sure, will find a ready echo in all our hearts:—

"Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,  
Where once thy conquering banners waved,  
O never be thy praise forgot,  
By those thy matchless valor saved.

"Thy glory beams to Eastern skies,  
See Europe shares the sacred flame,—  
And hosts of patriot heroes rise,  
To emulate thy glorious name.

"Labor awhile suspends his toil,  
His debt of gratitude to pay;  
And Friendship wears a brighter smile,  
And music breathes a sweeter lay.

"May health and joy a wreath entwine,  
And guard thee through this scene of strife,  
Till Seraphs shall to thee assign  
A wreath of everlasting life."

Of all the Oratorios or Concerts which Boston has ever witnessed, I think this is the one we should all have preferred the privilege of attending. Who does not envy our grandfathers and grandmothers the satisfaction of thus uniting—even at the expense of an influenza—in the homage which was so justly paid to the transcendent character and incomparable services of Washington, and of enjoying a personal view of his majestic form and features? It is a fact of no little interest, and not perhaps generally known, that a young German artist of that day, then settled in Boston, by the name of Gullagher, seated himself, under the protection of the Rev. Dr. Belknap, in a pew in the chapel, where he could observe and sketch those features and that form, and that having followed up his opportunities afterwards,—not without the knowledge and sanction of Washington himself,—he completed a portrait which is still in the possession of Dr. Belknap's family, and which, though it may never be allowed to supersede the likeness which has become classical on the glowing canvas of the gifted Stuart, may still have something of peculiar interest in the musical world, as the Boston Oratorio portrait of Washington.

But I must not detain you longer, my friends, with these historical reminiscences of the music of Boston in its earlier days,—interesting as I am sure they must be to us all. I pass at once, and without a word of comment, over a period of a full quarter of a century. Washington has now completed his two

terms of civil administration, with a brilliancy of success by no means inferior to that which had distinguished his military career. Death has at length set its seal upon the surpassing love in which he was held by the whole American Nation, and he has gone down to a grave, which,—rescued from all danger of desecration by the loyalty of Virginia women and the eloquence of at least one Northern statesman,—is destined to be more and more a place of devout pilgrimage and reverent resort for the friends of civil liberty and free government, from all climes and in all generations. The country, meanwhile, which owed him so inestimable a debt, has gone through with many vicissitudes of condition since his death,—all, as we believe, providentially arranged or permitted to discipline our youthful vigor, and to develop the institutions and consolidate the Union which it had cost so much blood and treasure to establish. A second war with Great Britain has been waged,—sometimes called the second War of Independence,—and now at length the bow of peace and promise is once more seen spanning “the wide arch of our ranged empire.” Beneath its genial radiance we are about to enter upon a period of prosperity and progress such as the world has never before witnessed.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1814, the Treaty of Peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent,—a worthy commemoration of that blessed event when the Herald Angels were heard singing to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem,—“Peace on earth, good will towards men.” But that Treaty was not known on this side of the ocean for six or seven weeks after its date. The great battle of New Orleans, as you well know, was fought at least two weeks after that Treaty of Peace was signed. Our modern system of railroads and steamers and telegraphs might have saved that effusion of fraternal blood; might have deprived individual heroes,—might have deprived our country and its history—of all the glory which belonged to that really great victory. If that gigantic Ocean Harp, which is at this moment in process of being strung—whose deep diapason is destined to produce a more magical music on the sea than old mythology or modern fable ever ascribed to siren, mermaid, or Arion,—if the mysterious gamut of that profound submarine chord had been in successful operation then, as we hope it soon will be, between St. John’s and Valentia Bay,—those cotton-bag ramparts at New Orleans might never have been celebrated in history; while, of those who so gallantly defended them, many

would not have been laid so low, and some, perhaps, would hardly have risen so high.

The news of Peace, however, at length reached New York on the 11th of February, 1815, and was brought on to Boston by Express, with what was then called unexampled despatch,—in about thirty-two hours. The celebration of the event, under the auspices of the State Legislature which was then in session, and under the immediate direction of our venerable fellow-citizen, JOSIAH QUINCY,—whose always welcome presence we hail with peculiar gratification on this occasion,—as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, took place on the 22d of February following. And never was Washington's birthday more appropriately and nobly celebrated. I have myself a vivid remembrance of the brilliancy and sparkle of the illumination and fireworks in the evening, and my maturer eyes have often sought in vain for their match in all the dazzling demonstrations of later holidays. But the full heart of Boston could find no adequate utterance for itself but in music. Nothing but a "Te Deum Laudamus" could satisfy the emotions of that hour, and the great feature of the occasion was a service of thanksgiving and praise,—without orations or sermons,—in the old Stone Chapel, where, after prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, then the aged and respected pastor of the Second Church, the Duet of "Lovely Peace" was sung by Colonel Webb and Miss Graupner, and a part of the Dettingen Te Deum and the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel were executed by nearly two hundred and fifty vocal and instrumental performers. The newspapers of the day—not yet inured to anything of indiscriminate or venal puffing—pronounce it, by all admission, the very best music ever heard in Boston.

And now, my friends, it can hardly be doubted that the impressive musical services of that Peace Jubilee gave the primary impulse to the establishment of the Association, which is signaling to-day the forty-second year of its active existence by the Festival we are assembled to inaugurate. Its echoes had hardly died away,—four weeks, indeed, had scarcely elapsed since it was held,—before a notice was issued by Gottlieb Graupner, Thomas Smith Webb, and Asa Peabody, for a meeting of those interested in the subject "of cultivating and improving a correct taste in the performance of sacred music." In that meeting, held on the 30th of March, 1815, the Handel and Haydn Society originated. On the 20th of April, their Constitution was adopted, and signed by at least one of the members of the very Board of Directors by

whom I am at this moment surrounded,—the worthy Treasurer of the Society,—Matthew Stanley Parker, Esq.,—whose family name is so honorably associated both with the past history and the future hopes of the music of Boston. The following May-Day witnessed their first private practising from the old Lock Hospital Collection,—and on the succeeding Christmas evening, at the same consecrated Chapel, where Washington attended that memorable Public Concert a quarter of a century before, and where that solemn Jubilee of Peace had been so recently celebrated, their first Grand Oratorio was given, to a delighted audience of nine hundred and forty-five persons, with the Russian Consul, the well-remembered Mr. Eustaphieve, assisting as one of the performers in the Orchestra.

From that day to this, the Handel and Haydn Society has been one of the recognized and cherished institutions of Boston. Their progress is illustrated by the signal improvement which has been witnessed in the musical services of all our churches and in the growing taste and skill which have rendered the singing of sacred music one of the most familiar and delightful recreations of the domestic circle. Their history is written, still more conspicuously, in the records of the nearly five hundred Public Oratorios, besides almost as many less formal concerts, which the Society have performed, and of the numerous civic and religious ceremonials at which they have assisted. To them we have owed one of the most effective and attractive features of not a few of our grandest Anniversary Festivals,—our first centennial celebration of Washington's birthday, and our second centennial celebration of the Birthday of Boston. To them we have owed one of the most grateful and graceful compliments which have been paid to the distinguished guests who from time to time have visited our city,—to Presidents Monroe and Jackson and Tyler, and to Henry Clay,—all of whom have accepted their invitations and attended their Oratorios. By them, too, have been performed the Funeral Dirges for our illustrious dead. It was to their swelling peal that our own Webster alluded at Faneuil Hall, in his magnificent eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, when he said,—“I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph,—‘their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore.’” And their funeral chant was heard again, when Faneuil Hall was once more shrouded in black, and when that matchless orator was himself the subject of heart-felt lamentation and eulogy. To them we have been indebted

for the first production in our country of not a few of the sublimest compositions of the great Masters of Europe, and to them we have owed the opportunity of hearing the most exquisite and inspiring airs of those compositions, executed by an Incledon or a Phillips, a Horn, a Braham, or a Caradori Allan. I may not attempt to name the more recent vocalists, foreign or domestic, whom they have successively brought forward, and some of whom are here to add brilliancy to the present occasion. Incited by their example, too, other Associations have been organized in our own city and in the neighboring towns, as well as in various other parts of our Commonwealth and country,—the Academy of Music, the Musical Education Society, the Mendelssohn Choral Society, and many others,—which have rendered efficient service in a common cause, and which deserve the grateful remembrance of every lover of harmony.

When this Society was originally instituted, the music of Boston, of New England, and I may say of all America, both sacred and secular, was in a most crude and disorganized condition. Aretinian Societies and Independent Musical Societies had done a little for it, and then died out. Occasional concerts, like those to which I have alluded, may be found scattered at long and dreary intervals along the previous half century. A worthy son of the Old Colony, too, whence so many good things have sprung, had already commenced the publication of "the Bridgewater Collection."\* But there was no systematic and permanent organization for the improvement of musical taste, skill, or science, in any of our large communities; and there was but little of either taste, skill, or science to be improved. I have heard the late JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—an intense lover of music himself, and whose comprehensive acquirements embraced a knowledge of this particular subject which would have been extraordinary in anybody else—tell a story, which may serve as an illustration of the state of American music at that precise period. During the negotiation, at Ghent, of that treaty of peace to which I have just alluded, a Festival or Banquet, or it may have been a Ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the Sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign People of the United States,—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin,—were, of course, not

\* The late Hon. Nahum Mitchell.

to be overlooked; and the Musical Conductor or Band Master of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our National Air. Our National Air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the Conductor, What is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have *scores* of that sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The Band Master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it; and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet, and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America! Whether that boy was bond or free, I know not, but I think both South and North would agree, that he earned his liberty and his citizenship, too, on that occasion.

I would not disparage Yankee Doodle, my friends. It has associations which must always render its simple and homely melody dearer to the hearts of the American people than the most elaborate compositions of ancient or modern science. Should our free institutions ever again be in danger, whether from "malice domestic or foreign levy," that will still be the tune to which American patriotism will keep step. We must always preserve it, and never be ashamed of it; though I do venture to hope that a day may come, when, like England and Austria and Russia,—to name no other lands,—we may have something fit to be entitled a National *Anthem*, which shall combine an acknowledgment of God with the glorious memories of wise and brave men; which shall blend the emotions of piety and patriotism, uniting in sweet accord the praises of the Divine Author of our Freedom and Independence, with those of his chosen and commissioned human instruments, in a strain worthy to commemorate the rise and progress of our Great Republic.

But this little anecdote of what happened at Ghent furnishes no bad illustration, certainly, of the condition of American music

at the precise period when this society first took it in hand and when it might almost be said that Yankee Doodle and the lips of a whistling boy were the prevailing airs and instruments of our land.

What a contrast does this occasion suggest! This noble hall itself,—second to none in the world in its adaptation to the purposes to which it has been dedicated,—the pride of our whole community, and which reflects so much credit on the liberal enterprise and persevering energy of those who were immediately concerned in its erection; what a monument it stands of the musical taste and zeal to which the old Handel and Haydn Society gave the original impulse! For myself, I cannot but feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to an association, whose performances and whose publications, through a period of more than forty years, under the Presidency of such men as the earlier and the later Webb, of Lowell Mason, of Zeuner and Chickering and Perkins,—have exercised so important an influence in refining and elevating the musical taste of New England; and more especially in improving the character of our sacred music, and affording us an opportunity of enjoying the glorious airs and anthems and choruses which have been composed to the praise and honor of God. And I am glad of an opportunity of testifying my own individual obligation to them.

This is not the occasion, nor am I the person, for any scientific analysis or comparison of styles or of masters. Everything of this sort may be safely left to our excellent music journal and its accomplished editor and contributors. Nor will I venture to detain you with any elaborate periods or swelling common-places about the importance and influence of music in general. The poets, philosophers, and moralists of all ages are full of them. The music of the Church, the Cathedral, and the Camp-meeting; of the Concert-room, the Academy, and the Opera; of the fireside, the serenade, the festival, and the battle-field; the songs of the Troubadours, the psalms of the Covenanters, the hymns of Luther, Wesley, and Watts; Old Hundred, the Cotter's Saturday Night, Elgin, and Dundee; Auld Lang Syne, Home, sweet Home, the Ranz des Vaches, Hail Columbia, God save the King, the Marseillaise, the Red Fox of Erin, which the exquisite songster of Ireland tells us made the patriot Emmet start to his feet and exclaim, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"—why, my friends, what a continued and crowded record does the history of the world's great heart present,



of the noble sympathies which have been stirred, of the heroic impulses which have been awakened, of the devotional fires which have been kindled, of the love to God, and love to man, and love to country,—not always, alas, unattended by excess,—to which animation and utterance have been given, by the magic power of music! To how many individual hearts, too, here and everywhere, has the story of David charming away the gloomy moods of the Jewish Monarch, or, more likely it may be, of Annot Lyle chasing the mists from the spirit of the Highland Chief, seemed only like a transcript of some cherished experience of their own! But I pass over all the science and almost all the sentiment for which the occasion might give opportunity. You are here to enjoy the thing itself, which will be far better than any flights of descriptive rhetoric or rhapsody of which I am capable.

I must be permitted, however, to congratulate you, before closing, that the growing worldliness of the age we live in has not quite yet diverted the divine and solemn harmonies of this glorious art from their original and rightful allegiance. The Fine Arts in every department—Architecture and Sculpture, Painting and Music, alike—have owed their best inspirations and their noblest opportunities to religion. The Bible has always supplied them with their most effective themes. Its matchless diction, its magnificent imagery, its exquisite poetry, its glorious promises, its stupendous miracles, its sublime revelations and realities have constituted an exhaustless magazine of material for them all,—and more especially for Music.

HANDEL, foremost, in merit as in time, among the little company of world-renowned Composers,\*—and whose Statue might well claim no second place in this very Hall, as one of the supporters of that gigantic Organ which we are soon to welcome,—Handel, one of the last touches of whose trembling fingers may haply have rested on the keys of an organ erected just one hundred years ago last August, and still doing most acceptable service, in our own city, which tradition tells us that this favorite musician of George the Second, infirm and blind as he was, selected for His Majesty's Chapel in New England, only two years before his death,—“the giant Handel,” as Pope called him—“the more than Homer of his age,” as Cowper did not scruple to add,—could find no story but that of Redeeming Love, no career or character but that of the Messiah, for the

\* Unless SEBASTIAN BACH, his contemporary, of whose works so many are lost, and so few are familiarly known in this country, may be his equal.

full development and display of his unrivalled power and pathos.

That mysterious demand for a *Requiem* which haunted the sleeping and the waking hours of the dying MOZART—the immediate successor of Handel upon the musical throne—might almost seem,—to a superstitious mind, perhaps,—to have been only, after all, the compunctious visitings of a breast, which was aroused too late to the consciousness of having prostituted so many of its best emotions upon the “foolery of so scandalous a subject”\* as that of Don Giovanni, and which could find no requiem or repose for itself, till it had made that last and grandest effort in the service of God.

When HAYDN—next entitled to the sceptre—was giving an account of his own Oratorio of the Seasons, he is related to have said, “It is not another Creation,—and the reason is this: In that Oratorio the actors are angels; in the four seasons they are but peasants.”

BEETHOVEN,—whom the munificent liberality and consummate skill of kindred spirits in our own land have united in enthroning as the presiding genius of this Hall,—in the wonderful instrumentation of his Symphonies and Sonatas and Quatuors and Trios, seems always aspiring to a strain—and often reaching it, too—which has less of earth in it than of heaven. “I well know,” said he, “that God is nearer me in my Art than others,—I commune with him without fear,—evermore have I acknowledged and understood him.” And when dealing with anything more articulate than the fancied language of the skies, he, too, sought his best inspiration at the Mount of Olives, and found it at least in his Hallelujahs.

MENDELSSOHN’s ominous and insatiate yearning for the spirit-world displayed itself first, indeed, in his *Midsummer Night’s Dream*; but it was only in depicting the wonderful ways and works of the greatest of Prophets and the greatest of Apostles,—of an Elijah and a St. Paul,—that his genius found its full play and won its noblest triumphs.

I shall not soon forget the emotions with which, just ten years ago, in London, I first listened to the Elijah. I shall not soon forget the person and presence of the young and brilliant Composer, as he stood in Exeter Hall conducting a choir and band of six or seven hundred voices and instruments in the

\* These are the words of Beethoven, who said of Mozart’s great Opera,—“The sacred art ought never to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject.”

performance of that most impressive Oratorio. Less than six months were to expire—nobody dreamed it then—before he himself was to disappear from these earthly scenes almost as suddenly as the great Prophet whom he was portraying; and one might almost imagine that the first faint glories of the celestial world were gleaming upon his soul,—that he had caught a passing glimpse of those chariots of fire, whose rushing sound and sparkling track were the fit accompaniments of that miraculous translation to the skies,—as he stood trembling with transport at his own magnificent harmonies.

Nor can I fail to call up, in this connection, the image of another most accomplished and distinguished person, in whose company I was privileged to listen to this sublime performance,—the late Lord Ellesmere,—who represented Great Britain so acceptably at the opening of our Crystal Palace in New York, who delighted Boston, too, by his genial eloquence at our School Festival soon afterwards, and whose recent death has occasioned so much of sincere and just regret among the friends of art in all its departments and in both hemispheres.

And now I rejoice that these noble Oratorios of these greatest composers are to form the main feature of this occasion. I rejoice that, at this first New England Musical Festival, the divine Art is so distinctly to recognize its rightful relation to Divinity, as the privileged handmaid of Religion. Without feeling called upon to pronounce any opinion upon other amusements and festivals for which other voices in other places are pleading, I am glad that this veteran Association of New England, faithful to its first love, true to the key-note of its earliest organization,—at a moment too when so many influences are alluring us away from whatever is pure and lovely and of good report,—has instituted a series of holidays, not only combining morality and innocence with the most refined and elevating enjoyment, but blending so nobly and so worthily the praises of God with the recreation of man.

I do not forget that a severe religious casuistry has sometimes raised a question, how far it is fit to employ sacred themes and sacred words for the mere purpose of entertainment. But it is a great mistake to suppose that mere entertainment is all that is imparted, or all that is intended, by such performances. That man must indeed be "deaf as the dead to harmony," who can listen to the story of the Creation or of the Redemption, as told in the lofty strains which are presently to be heard here, without

being kindled into a more fervent admiration and adoration of the great Author and Finisher of both. Yes, deaf as the dead to harmony must he have been born, and with a soul sealed up to at least one of the highest sources of inspiration, who feels no glow of grateful awe as the light flashes forth in audible coruscations upon that new-created world, and no thrill of holy joy as the heavens are heard telling the glory of God;—whose belief in the miraculous incarnation of “One mighty to save” is not quickened as the majestic titles by which he was to be called come pealing forth so triumphantly in the very words of prophecy,—“Wonderful,—Counsellor,—the Mighty God”;—who is not conscious of a more vivid faith in the great doctrine of the resurrection, as the sublime declaration of the patient old Patriarch is again and again so exquisitely reiterated,—“I know—I know that my Redeemer liveth”;—and who does not catch a deeper sense of the mystery and the glory of that blessed consummation, when “the Kingdoms of the earth shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ,” while the air around him is ringing and reverberating with the ecstasy of those transcendent and exulting Hallelujahs!

No, it is not entertainment alone which this occasion will have communicated to some at least of the souls which shall vibrate to these sublime and solemn strains. I know that the fervors and raptures which result from mere musical susceptibility are no safe substitute for the prayer and praise which belong to the true idea of religious worship, and I am not altogether without sympathy with those who would be glad to see this ancient society returning to its original practice during the first ten or fifteen years of its existence, by giving some of its public performances, as they are now doing, at times when they may be attended and enjoyed by those to whom the domestic circle or the services of the Sanctuary are the chosen and cherished occupations of a Sunday evening. But it will be an evil day for the best interest of mankind, when the noblest and most impressive varieties of music shall be utterly discarded and divorced from the service of religion, and given finally over to the meretricious uses of sensuality or superstition. The sacred Chronicler has told us how it was, under the old dispensation—that it was only “when the singers and the trumpeters were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music and praised the Lord, saying, ‘For he is good;

for his mercy endureth forever,"—that it was only then, at the outpouring of that grand vocal and instrumental unison of thanksgiving and praise, that the visible glory of the Lord came down, filling and overshadowing the house of God. And though the Gospel does undoubtedly point to a purer and more spiritual worship, yet from that most memorable and solemn hour, of which the simple record runs concerning the Saviour and his disciples,—“And when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives,”—from that most memorable and solemn hour, Music has been recognized as a consecrated hand-maid of Christianity; and those which Christ himself has thus joined together, it is not for any man to put asunder.

And may God grant that the performances which are now about to begin, may be endued with a double power over the hearts of all who hear them,—that these resounding anthems may do something to purge and purify the corrupted currents of the air we breathe,—that these lofty enunciations and reiterations of the great truths of the Bible may aid in arresting and driving back the tide of delusion, infidelity, and crime which is raging and swelling so fearfully around us,—and that these Hosannahs and Hallelujahs may combine with the Prayers and Alms of the approaching Anniversary Week, in calling down a fresh blessing on our beloved city and upon us who dwell in it;—so that when at last that hour shall come, which can neither be hastened nor postponed by the idle calculations of learned astrologers, or the idler conjurations of diviners and sorcerers,—when the trumpet of the Archangel shall be heard sounding through the sky and summoning us, in God's own time, from our destined sleep of death,—our hearts and voices may not be wholly unattuned for uniting with Cherubim and Seraphim and all the Company of Heaven in that sublime Trisagion,—“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!”

It only remains for me, ladies and gentlemen, in behalf of this oldest existing Musical Society of Boston,—older, if I mistake not, than almost any of its kind in London, since the Institution of the Ancient Concerts has passed away with the Iron Duke, one of their principal Directors,—to pronounce the single word of “welcome” to you all. But while offering you this welcome in their name, as I now most respectfully and cordially do, I feel that my duty to-day would be but half performed, if I did not, also, in your name,—and as the self-commissioned organ of the

vast concourse of my fellow-citizens, by whom this noble Hall will day by day be thronged,—if I did not, in your name and in theirs, assure the members of this old pioneer Association, of the sincere and grateful appreciation, which is entertained by our whole community, of their unwearied and honorable efforts in the cause of musical improvement, and of their signal success in giving a worthier and more impressive utterance to the praises of God “in the great congregation.” And may the favor of Heaven, and the patronage of a generous public, never be wanting to their future career!

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Mr. Winthrop refers, in this 1857 address, to his first hearing of Mendelssohn’s “Elijah” in London ten years before, conducted by Mendelssohn himself, who, it is interesting to note, was born in the same year with Mr. Winthrop himself, 1809. He refers to this again in his speech upon “Our Home Music” at the dinner of the Harvard Musical Association, Jan. 26, 1874. “It has happened to me,” he said, “in the course of my life, to have met with not a few fortunate opportunities of hearing the best music. I heard the ‘Elijah’ in London, on the second night of its original performance, with Mendelssohn himself wielding the bâton I saw Verdi conducting the first representation of one of his own operas, on a Queen’s night, at Covent Garden, nearly thirty years ago. I have heard the ‘Israel in Egypt,’ under Costa’s lead, with an orchestra of five hundred, and with a perfectly trained chorus of four thousand voices, and with Mr. Simms Reeves for the solos. I have heard Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony by a hundred picked performers in Vienna,—and we all know what picked performers in Vienna are,—with the ‘Song of Joy’ sung by the artists and chorus of the Vienna opera, in presence of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, on the one hundredth anniversary of Schiller’s birthday.” This speech on “Our Home Music” may be found in Winthrop’s Addresses and Speeches, iii. 298. It illustrates, like the more important address printed in the present leaflet, Mr. Winthrop’s deep interest in music; and the latter well illustrates the breadth and variety of his historical knowledge and the peculiar appropriateness and adequacy of his addresses, of which he gave so many, on significant historical or festive occasions.

Mr. Winthrop refers in this address on “Music in New England” to “our excellent music journal and its accomplished editor.” This reference is to John S. Dwight and his “Journal of Music,” which stood for all that was best in musical taste and culture in America during its continuance. See the Life of John S. Dwight, by George W. Cooke. See Mr. Dwight’s own chapter on “Music in Boston,” in the Memorial History of Boston, iv. 415, for a most thorough and critical survey of essentially the same subject treated by Mr. Winthrop in his

address. In Old South Leaflet No. 191 is reprinted a section of Winthrop's Fourth of July oration in Boston, July 4, 1876 (the centennial), and the student is referred to the notes concerning Mr. Winthrop and his work appended to that leaflet.

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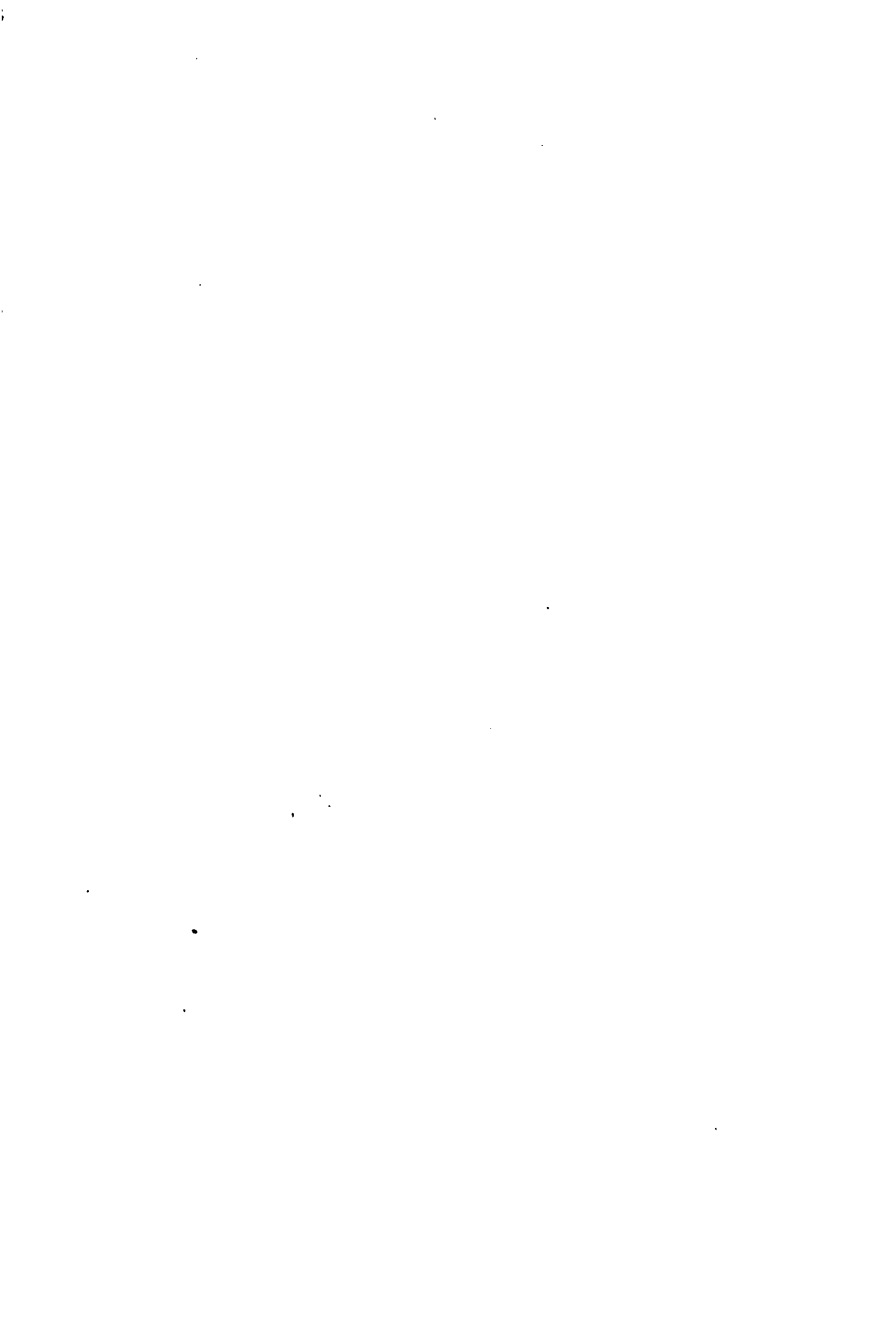
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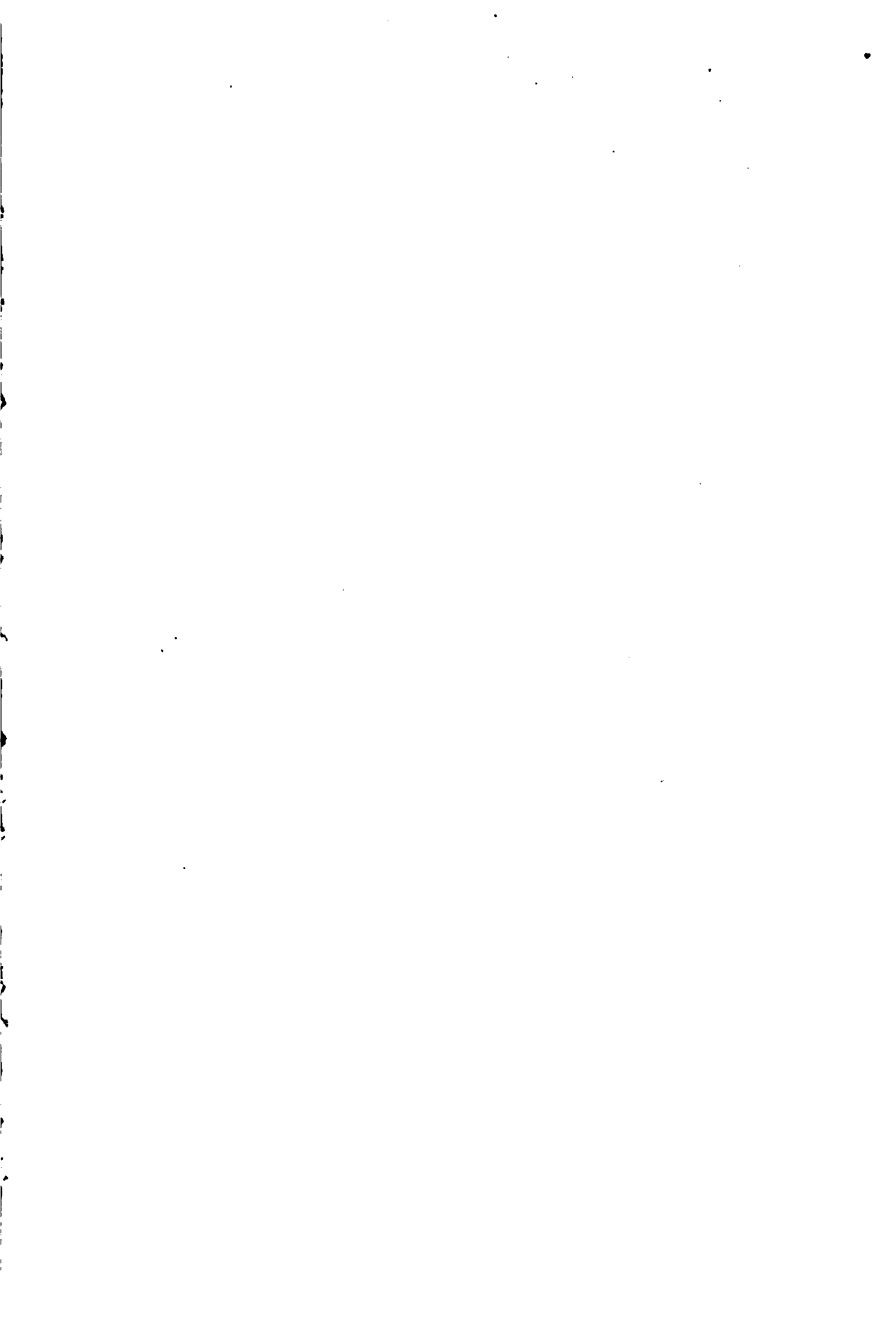
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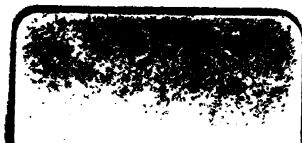


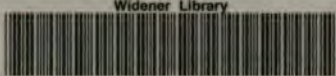


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